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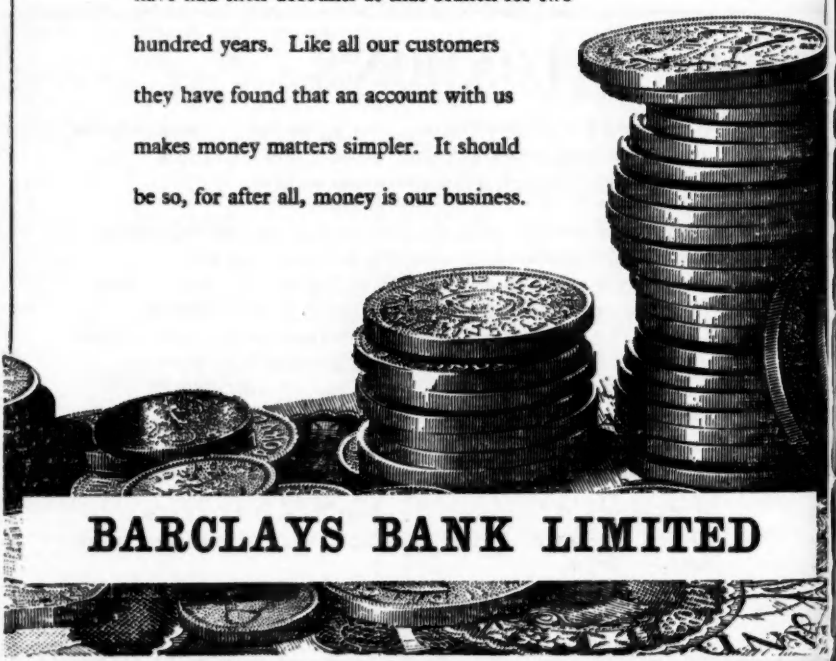
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Contemporary Review

March 1961 incorporating The Fortnightly

CONTEMPORARY PROFILE—

PRESIDENT KENNEDY—1940 AND 1961

GEORGE BILAINKIN

IN the shy, modest and almost unknown young man, who rocks a boy's cradle and cuddles a daughter aged three years, rests for four or eight years the unvoiced prayer of a frightened, desperate, exhausted and hourly shrinking world. Hundreds of millions wonder if maybe he will achieve the miracle of less starvation, less dire poverty, and remove the daily threat of sudden destruction of hundreds of millions by means none of us who has not wept in Hiroshima can seek to portray. The passive masses of the sullen, morose, stirring continent accustomed for centuries to slow and permanent hunger in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, and till lately in China, sense instinctively that the young man may change their destiny and bring about an occasional meal, perhaps also shelter the Western nations would afford for their dogs in the twentieth century.

President John F. Kennedy has been on the political stage of the United States of America for well over a decade, been interviewed intensely on the cinema and TV screens, the radio, and by the newspapers (often through shorthand writers). Yet he remains, all the authorities and experts assure us, "little understood". That is a tribute, an assured measure of the rare stature of the new Head of State in America. For the first time the nominal rulers of 650 million in China, Mr. Mao, and of 200 million in the Soviet Union, Mr. Khrushchev, his technical ally and future satellite, are joined at the helm of the earth by a professional statesman

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(Sometime Hungarian Minister, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon and Geneva)
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THE AGEING IN A WELFARE SOCIETY

FOUR REPORTS—
JOAO CABRAL—PORTUGAL
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ORLANDO MARTINEZ—MEXICO
GEORGE BILAINKIN—JAPAN

The Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of York writes to the Editor:—

"The Archbishop wishes me to acknowledge your letter of January 16, and to say that in view of the pressure of work brought about by his recent appointment, he must beg to be released at least for some months from the obligation he incurred early in January. When he wrote, he had no idea that events were to turn out as they in fact have, and His Grace says that he feels sure you understand the predicament in which he now finds himself."

of exceptional youth, dazzling background, proved poise and adroitness as early as 1940—when he was 23. Neither can or will say that to John F. Kennedy the sensational success, Presidency of the mighty Republic of the 170 million inhabitants of the USA, is a means for getting rich after years of humble poverty, a means for entry into homes and offices hitherto closed to him, a means of patting his chest before a startled family. For both Mr. Mao and Mr. K realize, as do Americans, and I hope people in these islands, that John F. Kennedy will never boast, and no Harry C. Butcher will be able to cite him as recalling his far-off days as "a cowboy, a boiler stoker, in a creamery and a semi-pro ball-player" (*Three Years with Eisenhower*, p. 268). Truman did not at first seek the overwhelming responsibility of the office, and may be forgiven the memories as a farm boy who thrilled to succeed in shaving friends in "seven or eight seconds at the most"—when told Heidelberg was only a few minutes away if the car were diverted during the absence of Churchill from Potsdam . . . Truman did not see Heidelberg, I am assured.

Kennedy went to the schools, diligently to colleges, astounded Professor Harold J. Laski, travelled widely, interrogated every politician, diplomatist of rank and quality, writers, journalists. But, above all, he showed with his book at 22 or 23 a prescience, omniscience, dignity, diligence and cold calm that earned from the critic of men and matters, Henry R. Luce, a preface with a fabulous forecast of success to the White House. Perhaps modesty may be shed in the special circumstances that have now arisen, with the recollection that the writer also prepared an "objective" assessment of the book, at the father's request. He was handed the copy of *Why England Slept* the day Mr. (now Sir) Winston Churchill had read it.

(*Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent*, George Bilainkin, 1942, p. 241.)

The lengthy appraisal was presented to Ambassador Kennedy together with an expression of admiration and astonishment, for the modesty, coldness, surprising detachment, probity and accuracy in analysis of the pitiful, premature and criminal collapse of a great and serviceable Empire—still unknown and unrecognized by those most closely concerned. The second copy to reach London went to Kennedy's special friend, Harold Laski, as a gift. The volume deserves considerable reflection now, for it throws priceless, dazzling light on the future President's mind, his capacity to pierce the facade, to ignore the vulgarities of politician addressing the immature and permanently adolescent, round both countries. It betrays the first quality I had appreciated in 1939 and 1940—the contrast in Kennedy with the conventional notion that Americans were "quick and clever and superficial and loud". He was never quick, and did not pretend to be clever, despised outward banalities and delighted in Anglicized understatement, in manner, clothes and speech. The book is the Kennedy I knew, at his father's home, in the Chancery at No. 1 Grosvenor Square, and at the modest house of one of the Ambassador's eight (personally paid) aides off King's Road, Chelsea.

Now let us look at what Luce had to declare in Greenwich, Conn., on July 7, 1940, in the printed preface to "this remarkable book". It was "the most dispassionate" account yet on British policy in the last decade.

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The volume was remarkable "for having been written by one so young. I cannot recall a single man of my college generation who could have written such an adult book on such a vitally important subject during his senior year at college. In recent months there has been a certain amount of alarm concerning the attitude of the younger generation. If John Kennedy is characteristic of this young generation, and I believe he is, many of us would be happy to have the destiny of this Republic handed over to this generation at once . . ." He praised its factuality and breadth of understanding.

If he had to choose one lesson more valuable than all its others he would cite the words of Mr. Kennedy, way back in 1937, when Chamberlain was "proceeding vigorously to strengthen the defences". Mr. Kennedy had interposed, "A boxer cannot work himself into the right psychological and physical condition for a fight he sincerely believes will never come off. It was the same with England. She so hated the thought of war she could not believe it was going to happen, and the appeasement policy gave her confidence that this hope had some basis." Mr. Luce comments, "Of all the true things that can be said of America today, I know nothing that is truer than that . . . America will never be ready for any war, not in one year, two years or twenty, never unless she makes up her mind that there is going to be a war, that there is no war she will have to fight that she cannot win. And then, then only, there might not be any at all, not because God grants a miracle but just because at that moment other nations would suddenly discover they are too proud to fight. Until that moment America will lose many wars, all the wars she does not fight, and she will also lose the war she did not believe she was going to fight . . . However," and here came another memorable prophecy

> of the years' struggle with Japan 18 months later, "if she does not actually lose it, she will win the last battle only at an appalling cost of blood and and treasure, and with consequences to American civilization which will make the horrors and ravages of war between the States seem paltry by comparison."

Kennedy was eager to tell America the lessons he had been privileged to witness during an unrepeatable baptism, generously and candidly, with cool disdain, but without an epithet for any of his father's friends in England. He wrote: "We cannot escape the fact that democracy in America, like democracy in England, has been asleep at the switch. If we had not been surrounded by oceans 3,000 to 5,000 miles wide, we ourselves would be caving in at some Munich of the Western world." He mentioned that England had almost no trained ARP personnel, compared with 12,000,000 Germany provided by 1936. He indicted Chamberlain, Wood, Simon, Hoare: "Most of England's causes of failure may be attributed to the leaders. If a democracy cannot produce able leaders, its chances for survival are slight." Unpalatably he added that the Americans must be prepared to "recognize democratic weaknesses, and capitalist weaknesses in competition with a totalitarian system of government." Kennedy recalls what so many audible innocents, critics of his father's alleged views, accurate and mostly other, forgot. America did not wish to fight, was not ready to fight, did not possess any arms or materials for herself or to spare for any friend, however good and valuable, and, above all, there was a bitterness towards Britain through what so many called the "shameless surrender" of Czechoslovakia at Munich.

He mentions what is so generally forgotten, if indeed it was recognized even at the time, that military "experts", inverted commas are mine—"in England and in America were confident that it would be an entirely different situation when the Nazis came up against the Maginot line. For that reason England failed to make the sufficient necessary sacrifices to enable her to catch up with Germany." While Germany had a labour shortage by 1935, England in 1940 failed to use her 1,500,000 "still unemployed". Is it credible even today? Terrifying facts about the wool over British eyes, not over Hitler's, or John F. Kennedy's, or Ambassador Kennedy's, are added with the statistics out of their own mouths shamelessly offered in the Commons by sundry Ministers doodling with air programmes. Even today the figures are incredible, unless one realizes that, in 1961 the situation is probably as pitiable.

Kennedy's later career was impressive for several imposing speeches, on Algeria, on Negroes, on life among the sick and poor and old, on the off-shore islands, on essentials germane to the continuance of our species on earth. There can be little doubt that his relations with all countries, in and out of the tenuous alliances, will be based on harsh reality, and not on Poonah sentiment. There is realism in the simple words in his book, and no bitterness:

> "The great trouble was that few could think of England except as the mighty Britain of the 19th century. The truth has been brought home sharply in the last year. The fact remains that in 1938 while Britain may have remained as strong as ever, other countries had caught up who could challenge, who could split her efforts. Japan, formerly a weak Power, could defeat her in the Far

East, as England could not afford to transfer her entire fleet from European waters. Four-fifths of the British Fleet had not been able to cow Italy in 1935. Britain's power had been based on her naval strength . . . but . . ."

Kennedy did splendid service to Anglo-American understanding by adding the fact so little known or understood in London:

"People in America filled with the myth of Britain's invincible strength, could not understand Chamberlain's desperate efforts to avert a war. They felt, and many still do, that Hitler in 1938 was merely bluffing . . . 'Just show them some strength and he will back down quickly enough.' Many in England shared this belief even in August, 1939. These people felt Chamberlain was badly taken in, but I think a study of the position of the two countries will show that Chamberlain could not have fought, even if he had wanted to."

Kennedy asked many questions of those of us who met him in dark days (and later on, notably in 1945) about the workings, value and viability of democracy. They were sad days, and it would be well to recall the most impressionable experiences he received were in 1939 and 1940. What were they? Ambassador Kennedy, here as Roosevelt's "trouble-shooter number one", was lionized, idolized, by the Royal Family, leading Cabinet figures, social climbers, business chiefs and a few all-weather friends of lesser car-model show values. Kennedy and his sons remained the sole hope of salvation for corroded British Ministers and defence chiefs caught unawares in a whirlpool. Absolute disaster faced the country, the startled Empire. As one of Kennedy's "Brains Trust" used to cry out to me, and John F. Kennedy and his brother, "Young Joe", reiterated, and Ambassador Kennedy repeated time and again, "How could you have been so foolish to take no better measure of the Germans? Where has all the money gone? Where are the defences?" Every Minister would dangle his sorrows and tragedy to Kennedy; I doubt whether even Churchill ever knew the precise state of the country's nakedness as well as did Ambassador Kennedy. For Roosevelt was the sole hope, the Messiah, and Kennedy must be given all the black details, without holds of any kind barred. If he knew the gravity of the needs, he would help. Young John Kennedy heard the details with growing astonishment—not only from his father, but from pleading British Ministers, service chiefs.

But let none forget an even more sinister aspect of the baptism undergone by President Kennedy at 22. He and his brother saw, let alone heard from the Ambassador's staff, notably the Consul General, a golfing partner of the Envoy's, the sordid daily scenes on the benches at the back of Number One Grosvenor Square. Those who might have been expected to know better, or at least to show faith and courage, were imploring, struggling, for visas, for themselves, close relatives, children. Maybe the link originally in the friendship and affection shown me by the Ambassador was that I did not mix facts and hopes, hopes with facts, shared his views on the politicians and small-time leaders Destiny had foisted on the helm of Britain. Often we would see the bleakest possible end to the Nazi advance, I would plead for aid for the tottering fortress, this way and that, Kennedy would tear apart some obviously foolish *dementi* given him by Churchill on the effects of Nazi raids of 15 hours in 24. But he was stoutly friendly. His eyes relented, the hands relaxed, the veins lost

prominence with my newest account of the pill of permanent optimism provided that day or the evening before by his colleague, Ambassador Ivan Maisky. I would recall the cheering arguments used by Maisky to show Britain was NOT wholly lost, and Kennedy was grateful. Often even the all-powerful Henri Sartori, or Simon, or Archbishop Godfrey (then Papal Legate) had to wait a long time, till the writer, inside the principal study without a prior appointment, had been shown out.

President Kennedy has a prodigious memory, as a generous signed new letter reminds me—afresh. I hope he will be magnanimous over the follies perpetrated by innocents who influenced Ambassador Kennedy to send members of the family back to the States in 1940 (*Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent*, p. 262). People who dreamed aloud that the envoy could be the British Ambassador in Washington instead of Roosevelt's Head of Mission to St. James's. People who dreamed aloud he could whistle, and secure for the one-time all-powerful British Empire the astronomic supplies of arms she should have had in store by 1939 or 1940, or, lost in black 1940 so pathetically in France, and all the anti-aircraft guns never secured for London by 1939 or 1940—seven available of the 400 needed in 1938 . . . These innocents, mischievous, reckless, did not, could not, know the splendid acts of Ambassador Kennedy, courageous, defiant, non-protocolaire, to his eternal credit in those desperate years . . . when he read out a nasty telegram and then tore it up "to lessen the bitterness", as I recorded as the time. The messages he forgot, to lessen blows. The midnight hours spent, I was present, to polish and improve words to cheer British audiences, slowly now recognizing an appalling tragedy—in parts. The heart-moving appeals by telephone to President Roosevelt, at midnight, to expedite "any old rifles, sports guns, anything", while Britain's patriots left Devon coasts to be protected against expected assault by Nazi storm troopers and commandos with sub-machine guns, to powerful special constables sharing frightening truncheons between them. Ambassador Kennedy was smeared by experts in reporting, as "anti-British, faint-hearted, pro-Nazi". In one of my volumes of the time there are 52 references to our conversations in 1940 alone. Kennedy spoke with the utmost frankness, to someone he knew as sharing his horror of the realities, as sharing anger at the state of the helm, as sharing anger about the rosy spectacles nonsense put about to fool the foolish. Ambassador Kennedy did his duty to both sides by recording faithfully what he saw, what the "experts" told him, what he felt about the material provided him. What value should he have put on the "optimism" at the evacuation of Norway, the *débâcles* in Belgium and Holland and mighty France?

To at least one friend it is gratifying that President Kennedy will act as Head of State, and not be guided by a committee of assistants, press secretaries, admirals and so on. Has he not said: "The President cannot share the power, cannot delegate. He alone is Chief of State."? Please note the timely absence of personal pronoun. It is equally good to read: "What lies before me is a hell of a revolutionary time." It is right to forecast that sparks will fly, boasters evaporate, officials reel, clock-watchers shudder, convention-sticklers crash by the wayside. For the new President

recognizes, as do few others, how little time we have been left by Destiny Limited to save ourselves in the era of Sputniks Unlimited, to save the families of the young like Kennedy himself. Decadent white mankind has its grandest prospect, and bleakest threat—since our burning of Peking a century ago. He may utter a few words to raise the hope of the Asian millions that the sordid wave of materialism, engulfing us below thousands of shops for shoes, fridges, TV sets, imported pullovers and even a pair of trousers costing £90 in the West End of London, bigger and bigger limousines, is not permanent. Sense may return in the white world.

The hope may be safely expressed that Asia and Africa will be in the President's mind from the beginning. For his outstanding quality is, of course, the rare gift, one that brings the first sizable rays of hope to the human race, unequivocal sincerity of purpose, dedication, self-abnegation. Indeed, as I study a favourite picture of President Kennedy I see there a a pious Cistercian or Carthusian, of whom we might have a few more. Will he not begin by insisting that the State Department studies as closely and decides as meticulously as when Hollywood money-makers seek to export their salacious, sex-riddled, suggestive, sordid products—as it looks at applications for exit visas to Asian and African capitals? And is there not a time for ending the vilest libel on American society in the presented screen monopoly of crime and squalor and ostentatious concentration on flashy bathrooms and the undressed? The smear has lasted over 25 years, has destroyed Asian and African respect for the white races. Now is the time to begin afresh. Will President Kennedy not urge American car-makers to enlist the aid of the British and Russian and French and German and Japanese to produce astronomic quantities of tractors for dispatch as outright gifts in the human family where they are so sorely missed, in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Argentina, Egypt and probably China too?

Will he not create "Kennedy brigades" in the universities with which he has close links, in British, Russian, German, French, Italian and Japanese colleges, for technicians to volunteer for service at local living rates, local standards, in joint hostels, till India and Pakistan, the Congo and Indonesia, Thailand and China, produce more food, learn how to provide shelter for their millions in primitive homes, and learn how to clothe themselves better than beasts of burden? Will he not ponder on inadequately publicized tragedies in the Philippines, Okinawa, Japan, on the truism that the follies of the British in the old colonies are no longer a British monopoly? Will he not abjure the brinkmanship policies on radio with the fabulous salary lists of men prospering by sowing hatred and disbelief? Will he not look at a favourite quotation of that mighty thinker of our time, Cardinal Eugene Tisserant, Dean in the Holy College of the Vatican, taken from the First Epistle of Apostle John, Chapter III, verses 16 to 19: —

> *God has proved his love for us by laying down his life for our sakes; we too must be ready to lay down our lives for the sake of our brethren. And now, suppose that a man has the worldly goods he needs, and sees his brother go in want; if he steels his heart against his brother, how can we say that the love of God dwells in him? My little children, let us show our love by the true test of action, not by taking phrases on our lips.*

Continued on Page 141

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE BISHOP OF JOHANNESBURG

(THE RIGHT REVEREND AMBROSE REEVES)

LAST December the International Commission of Jurists published a Report entitled *South Africa and the Rule of Law*. This publication deserves serious study by any who are anxious to understand the trend of events in South Africa. In Foreword the authors state: "The Commission holds that the application of the principle of apartheid which has come under scrutiny in this Report is morally reprehensible and violates the Rule of Law. The evil of the policy of separation of races lies in the presumption of racial superiority translated into the deliberate infliction of an inferior way of life on all who are tainted by non-white skins. Not permitted to choose their own way of life, the non-white population are reduced to permanent political, social, economic and cultural inferiority.

"The impact of apartheid virtually extends to all aspects of life in the Union. At church, at home, at school or university, the cinema, on the beach, in the courts, in hospital, at the polls; in fact in all conceivable forms of human relations as a ruthless discrimination against the non-white population has become the law. The humiliation inflicted by such measures is the testimony on which apartheid can be judged. Its price in terms of human degradation will never be known, but it is one high enough to outweigh any of the benefits which it is claimed to bring.

"As part of this human suffering, both whites and non-whites have been exposed to steady encroachments on their basic freedoms. Liberty of expression, of movement and of association are but three of these freedoms which have been drastically curtailed. Judges who alleviate injustice by refusing to interpret the law in the spirit motivating the Government are vilified openly. That fundamental principle of fair trial, knowing the exact nature of the accusation, appears to have been forgotten, and defendants still stand trial *en masse* wondering on which of the many possible permutations, resulting from what an English judge once called 'the bastard conjunction *and/or*', they can expect to be attacked by the prosecution."

The policy of apartheid is based upon the assumption of the superiority of the white minority of three millions in a population of 15 millions. It is not surprising, therefore, that during the 11 years in which the present South African Government has been in power such a policy has led to the ruthless discrimination and humiliation, human degradation and suffering which this Report discloses. But degradation, suffering, humiliation and discrimination are the result of the failure to treat human beings as *persons*. For this reason, Christians who are committed to living in a community in which human relationships are of primary importance have been gravely disturbed by much that has happened in these last years in South Africa. And in South Africa itself Christians like Michael Scott, Trevor Huddleston, Alan Paton, Albert Luthuli, Oliver Tambo, Z. K. Matthews have borne noble witness to their faith. Their names are well-

known outside South Africa, but it must not be forgotten that there have been and still are many other Christians in all the racial groups in South Africa who, all unknown in the world outside, valiantly struggle against the evil results of apartheid. This is what ought to be expected, because while the Christian religion is primarily concerned with man's relationship with God, it compels Christians also to pay serious attention to man's relationship with man. Indeed, in more than one passage the New Testament writers insist that it is through men's relationship with one another that they can most readily discover the reality and the quality of their relationship with God.

Not that Christians in South Africa would claim that they have always been as faithful to their calling as they ought to have been. Too many have been fearful of making any firm stand, and when this has happened the witness of the Churches in South Africa has been seriously impaired. There is a tendency in some circles in Britain and America to suggest that the Churches in South Africa have been so much more faithful to the Gospel than Churches elsewhere. I can only speak of the Anglican Church in South Africa, but I know that this has not been the case in my own Church. I am mystified that people overseas, especially Church-people, should imagine that the Church in South Africa is so different from the Church in England. Church life in any land can never be completely isolated from the society in the midst of which God has set it to live and work. Even if it busies itself with a multitude of ecclesiastical odds and ends, and neglects its responsibility to the community, its members who live in the world continually infect the life of the Church with ideas and attitudes that are current in society. Certainly that has happened in no small degree in South Africa. It would be dishonest to pretend that the Church has either said or done by any means all that it could have said and done in a situation which the Commission of Jurists describes in this Report as "the profoundly distressing conditions of life in South Africa and the parlous state of the Rule of Law in terms of both classic freedoms and social justice."

This does not mean that the Anglican Church has not said and done a great deal that has been directly opposed to apartheid. As long ago as 1954 the late Archbishop of Cape Town in a BBC broadcast said:— "Most of the Europeans believe that, unless they can keep themselves apart from the non-Europeans, they will be submerged, their standard of living will suffer, and the values of European civilization will be lost. As all political power is in their hands, they are trying to enforce this separation by law. In doing so, they seem to me to be throwing overboard some of the values of the very civilization they are trying to preserve. For it is clear that in fact the Europeans and the non-Europeans need each other. This makes impossible a policy of complete apartheid—the complete separation of the population into two communities, living in different parts of the land; and so we have a system of apartheid which is not, and cannot be, complete, but which is being enforced by a dream of ideological legislation . . .

"What is at the back of most things we deplore in the present policy is

fear, and this fear leads to injustice to individuals, and is prejudicing all races in this country, both white and black. This is deplorable, but in the Church there must be not fear but faith."

Such an utterance by Dr. Geoffrey Clayton was by no means an isolated voice, raised against racialism. An examination of the charges delivered by Bishops at their diocesan synods shows that over and over again Bishops have drawn the attention of Church people to the evil effects of particular aspects of the policy of racialism. And sitting in the House of Bishops, in their Episcopal Synod, the Bishops have year after year considered many of the same issues as those dealt with in *South Africa and the Rule of Law*, especially African education, and later the "church clause" in the Native Law Amendment Act under which the Minister of Bantu Affairs was given the power, subject to certain limitations, of deciding when African Church people should be allowed to worship in the urban areas. It was in connection with the Church clause that the Bishops decided that they would have to recommend clergy and people to disobey this law if it was ever implemented. Certainly the Bishops have been most vigilant in examining legislation involving discrimination, save in one particular instance. Although they registered their disapproval of the Mixed Marriage Act of 1949 which made illegal any intermarriage between whites and non-whites, they continued to allow the clergy to act as marriage officers. Perhaps it is only in retrospect that one sees clearly that the Church ought probably to have taken a much firmer attitude towards this particular piece of legislation than seemed possible at the time. It may be that if the Churches had decided to disassociate themselves from operating this law the course of events might have been different in the years that followed its enactment.

But the witness of the Church has by no means been confined to the Bishops. In both the diocesan and provincial synods, clergy and laity have discussed many of these same issues, and have expressed their mind quite plainly in numerous resolutions. In some cases such resolutions have led to action. For example, I well remember a long debate in my own diocesan synod which ended in the passing of a resolution which requested me, among other things, to lead a deputation on this subject to the Johannesburg City Council. The Council granted this request and at the end of the interview, lasting several hours, promised that the Council would build a thousand houses. This marked the beginning of a vast scheme for overcoming the backlog in African housing in Johannesburg which has resulted in the rehousing of many thousands of Africans and reflects great credit on the municipal authorities, both in Johannesburg and in the neighbouring towns and cities. Yet important as it is that Church bodies such as synods should discuss matters of national significance, I have become increasingly sceptical of the value of such bodies passing resolutions, unless, as in the example I have quoted, such resolutions issue in action. The danger is that unless this is so then those who vote for such resolutions may conclude quite erroneously that in passing them they have taken action about the problem discussed, when

all that they have done is to express their conclusions in a form of words.

Although I have been concerned here with the attitudes and actions of the Anglican Church in South Africa, the same has been true of many other Churches. They too have made their attitude clear, either individually or corporately, through the Christian Council of South Africa. Unfortunately the fact that the Dutch Reformed Churches have not been represented in the Christian Council has seriously impaired the effectiveness of the Council in the representations that it has made from time to time to the South African Government. The fact that some of the Dutch Reformed Churches in South Africa were represented at the Consultation sponsored by the World Council of Churches in Johannesburg for its eight member Churches in December last year was, in this context, a considerable step forward, for, apart from the Hervormde Kerk van Afrika, these Churches concurred in the statement issued at the conclusion of this Consultation. Even more vital is the fact that steps have already been taken to set up a body representing all the Churches present in order to ensure continuing co-operation. One can only hope that in the coming months the Consultation between the Churches in South Africa will be continued, and that in their deliberations they will keep before them the serious words contained in the concluding section of *South Africa and and the Rule of Law*, in which this very grave warning is given: "Such discriminating policy is not only contrary to generally accepted concepts of justice and principles of human rights, but also creates a potentially explosive situation which might soon lead to even more widespread internal violence than has already been experienced."

PIERROT'S LAMENT FOR COLUMBINE

Columbine, list to this my song:
Where is our former bliss?
Our mutual love was true and strong,
Our joy a smile, a kiss.
Happy Pierrot when hopes were high!
Now to despair my heart is nigh.
Pity my tears! Ah! Hear my sigh!

Vain are my tears and vain my calls,
Unheard my sad complaint.
Slowly the dusk of evening falls
And now Love's star gleams faint.
For me no joy, for me no rest,
Since Columbine has left her nest;
Nought can console, nought calm this breast.

WALTER PERCIVAL

THE LIFE OF A RURAL COMMUNITY—

MONTGOMERYSHIRE

THE RIGHT HON. CLEMENT DAVIES, PC, QC, LLD, MP

MONTGOMERYSHIRE, in mid-Wales, comprises a large part of the area between the English border, represented by Shropshire, and Cardigan Bay. The area is some 510,000 acres or 797 square miles.

The greater part of the county is gently undulating, well-watered and well-wooded, and in the valleys there is to be found some of the finest agricultural land, both arable and pasture. The hills throughout the county are generally low, rising to some 700-800 ft. and occasionally to 1,000-1,200 ft. The highest are along the borders of Merioneth, Shropshire and Cardigan.

Before the fourteenth century, it formed the major part of the Principality of Powys. Its scenic beauty was recognized, and still is, throughout Wales, by its designation, *Powys Paradwys Cymru*—Powys the Paradise of Wales. Later it fell under the rule of the Welsh Marcher Lords and so remained until 1486, when Henry VII, by the Act of Union, created the County of Montgomery. Since then the county has been administered in exactly the same manner as other counties in England and Wales.

Though it is not in extent the largest county, it has the highest agricultural production in Wales. Much of it is notably well cultivated, especially in the valleys of the Severn and of its tributaries, the Vyrnwy, the Tanat and the Camlad, and in the valleys of the Dovey and its tributaries. In the days before the coming of the motor-lorry and the tractor replaced horse-haulage, Montgomeryshire farmers had the highest reputation as breeders of the great Shire horses which did all the heavy work in railway depots and docks. Today the county is justly famous for its milk production and its sheep.

Up till the middle of the nineteenth century there was considerable mining activity in many parts of the county, in particular, lead-mining. The Van mines, near the south-eastern corner of the county, were said at one time to control the lead market of the world and, even as late as 1870, were valued at over £1 million. There has been no lead mining worth mentioning during the twentieth century. Again at the beginning of this century there was quite a considerable activity in slate quarrying and slate splitting. In the north of the county that industry has ceased.

For two or three centuries the market towns of Welshpool, Newtown and Llanidloes were well-known centres in the woollen trade and in all three some of the old mills are still standing. The last manufacturers continued at Llanidloes till some 35 years ago, when they closed down.

There are a few—very few—small industries, active, vigorous and, within their orbit, very successful. They are, however, small and do not employ great numbers.

It can thus be seen that the county is dependent almost entirely upon

agriculture. The stock markets are well known, very active, increasing both in size and reputation.

There is, however, no large town and no seabord. Montgomeryshire possessed a very good railway system, with a main line passing through the county with direct communication with Crewe and the North, with Shrewsbury and the East, with the Coast to the West, and South Wales. In addition five other valleys had their own branch line communicating with the main line. Most of these have now been closed.

But Montgomeryshire is not unique—save in one respect—among rural areas which should attract not only pleasure-seekers, but those seeking permanent homes, and industrialists. It is a gateway between England and Wales, and the link between the industrial North and industrial South Wales.

In what respect is Montgomeryshire unique? It is the only county in England and Wales holding the unenviable position in that its population is less in 1961 than in 1901, and even less than in 1801. The population today is about 44,000, occupying an area of 510,000 acres or 797 square miles, a population equal to that of a medium-sized town. In 1801 the population was 48,184; the numbers grew each year until the Hungry Forties. In 1841 the figure was 69,607. Henceforth, the numbers fell steadily, except for a slight rise in 1871 over the numbers of 1861. In 1901 the figures were 54,901.

Although the birthrate exceeds the deathrate each year, yet there has been a steady fall in the population. That, of course, means that there is constant and regular emigration. Emigration by the young has grown into a habit. That habit has become the custom of the county.

I well remember the nineties and the early years of the present century. Prices of farming stock were very low. A good dairy cow brought in some £7 or £8; an exceptional one might produce £10. Mountain sheep, 10s.-14s. Many a useful cart-horse would fetch only some £16-£18. Farm wages were 8s.-10s. per week, with food. A really good man might earn 14s. or 15s. There were no fixed hours. The men worked from dawn till dark.

The shops in market towns and villages were open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. or 11 p.m., and on Saturday night until after midnight. The one relaxation outside their own hobbies was a visit to the market town during its main Fair—usually the Hiring Fair.

In the latter half of last century, farmers' and cottagers' sons heard of lucrative work in the South Wales mines, and thither they went. Often have I seen in the nineties some of these young men coming back from South Wales, better clothed, the proud possessors of a watch and an enormous silver chain, exciting the envy of the less fortunate who had remained on the farm.

When a young miner left to return to South Wales, he did not go alone. He was always accompanied by three or four of the youth of the neighbourhood, fired with ambition to improve their lot.

The story of this exodus of young men was also that of the young

women, who left for London, Liverpool or the Midlands to enter domestic service or to become shop assistants.

Rarely is there much unemployment in Montgomeryshire, even amongst the school-leavers.

A year or two before the boy or girl is to leave school, the parents have written to friends or relatives somewhere in England, and, as soon as the school is over, each is off to take up some employment already awaiting him or her elsewhere.

But Montgomeryshire is unique only in that one respect among rural areas in England and Wales. Its near neighbour, Radnorshire, is very similar. These two counties are completely rural, possessing no large town, no major industry other than agriculture, and no seabord. The result is that they afford the opportunity to consider the state of a rural area as one complete unit and so realize the difficulties and problems that confront rural areas. The main problem is constant depopulation. How can that be stopped?

Not only does Montgomeryshire suffer a fall in its population, not only does it lose its younger people, the vigorous, and often those whose intelligence demands for them a wider scope in industry or in the professions, but the loss is even greater in that it is a loss to Wales. Today the majority of emigrants go to the great cities of England, where they are completely absorbed, if not in the first generation, certainly in the second. Wales has her own language, her own culture, her own customs, her own literature, her own proud history. By this emigration, Wales loses those who might, and probably would, add to our literature and worthily maintain our traditions.

What can be done?

Efforts have been made during the last 30-40 years to attract industrialists to set up business in our small market towns. Although a few have come and remained with us, generally our efforts to attract have been fruitless. Of necessity, the industry must be small, because of the limited capacity of our local government (due to the smallness of the product of the penny rate), to provide for the needs of a large industry. The industry may require large quantities of water, an extension and improvement of roads, large sewers and drains, houses for work-people, and a reserve of labour. At present we cannot provide these.

As can be realized, there is practically no reserve of labour. The young people have gone. The local authorities have, with immense difficulty, done a great deal to provide their market towns and villages with water. The National Electricity Power and Lighting already covers a large part of the county. Unfortunately, there is still in the market towns, the villages and in the countryside a great number of houses, which, in their present state, although occupied, are really unfit for human habitation. The first duty of the authorities should be to provide decent and proper houses for their own people. This they recognize. Yet, certainly in the case of one authority, because of its anxiety to attract a new industry into its town and keep it there, it had to give first preference for its new houses to the

incoming "key-workers" of the new industry at the expense of the old inhabitants.

Efforts are still being made, especially through the activity of the Mid-Wales Industrial Association, a body financed by five Mid-Wales County Councils, to try to persuade industrialists to establish small industry. A new one will be started at Machgwlleth in the south-east of the county in the next two or three months. It is most earnestly hoped that this will be a success.

There is another problem. Even when an industry has been established in our market towns, hitherto it has been the only one there or, maybe, one of two or three, all small, employing but a few workmen. Unemployment is, of course, an evil wherever it may be; it brings anxiety, pain, suffering, and a lowering of the standard of living. When a small industry fails in a thickly populated industrial district, and unemployment ensues, there are the usual consequences, but the home of the workers need not be broken up. The chances are they will find employment in other industries, often as convenient to their homes as the old one.

If an industry is, however, closed down in one of the Montgomeryshire market towns, then indeed dire distress faces them. There is no other industry to absorb them. The worker must emigrate to some industrial district where employment offers. The family must remain at the old home until a new one can be found. We are threatened with this problem in Montgomeryshire at this very moment.

What then is the remedy?

One hopes that small industries may come and settle in Montgomeryshire. At the best they can only come gradually and will in themselves provide only here and there a pick-me-up or small tonic. The patient needs a much more efficient remedy—a major operation, requiring much investigation, planning and the provision of roads, water, houses, factory sites, playing grounds, and all that goes to build a modern town of 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants. This will, of course, mean expenditure of money far beyond anything possible by local government. It must be done by the Central Government.

The population of England and Wales continues to grow. More land is needed not only for houses, industrial buildings, offices, schools and public buildings, but also for parks and open spaces.

Much has been done since the War, especially under the Acts of 1943, 1944 and 1946, and finally under the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947. Eight new towns are being built in a ring around London, two in County Durham, one in Northumberland. Three new towns are being built in Scotland, two of them to help to alleviate the problems of Glasgow and the other to meet the needs of the new Fife coalfield. There is one in Wales—Cwmbran, Monmouthshire.

Many more new towns are needed: much more planning is required: a survey of all the land from John o' Groats to Land's End; from Holyhead to Dover, to determine where a new settlement would be of advantage not only to those who come to live there and work there, but to the surrounding districts and their people.

Rightly the Minister of Housing and Local Government has stated definitely that it is his policy to maintain sacrosanct and unbuilt-on that vital Health Belt called the Green Belt around our large towns and cities.

Since our large industrial cities and boroughs are bursting at the seams, pressure is being exercised to compel the Minister to give way and to allow building on the Green Belts. As in London, workers, both in offices and factories, travel long distances to and from their work. In London, as is well-known, this journey all too frequently occupies one hour each way, often entailing regular strap-hanging. Does this conduce to health and good production? They are tired before beginning, and over-tired at the end of the day.

In Montgomeryshire the County Planning Officer has surveyed an area near the centre of the county covering some 4,000 acres. A gradual northern land-slope from the Severn Basin towards fringes of upland and moorland rises from some 400 ft. contour to some 800 ft. contour. The main frontal slope is crossed by a wooded crest of short length. Eastward of this crest is a land shelf merged from three compact shallow valleys, each shaped like an open fan inclining towards the hills behind. A gently contoured slope downward continues to the east, with the major stream of the site flowing along it, to join the deeper water-course which lies along the eastern boundary. In the valley basin are some 200 acres of land suitable for industry and aerodrome. Sheltered on the North by upland moor and flanked on the East by wooded hills, the site has a southern aspect open to the broad Severn plain, behind which rise foothills and plateaux giving shelter from cold winds. The main railways pass the site on the south-west as does the main road to the coast and South Wales, and northwards and eastwards to England and the North. The water supply could be made inexhaustible, for, by blocking the Severn and its branch, the Clewedog (only a few miles from the site), there would be enough water for the new town, and also enough to supply any need in South Wales or the Midlands. In addition to the industrial site, there would be six residential areas, each neighbourhood having its own centre for primary and secondary schools, local shops, open spaces, children's playing-fields and allotments. Furthermore, the central area would be reserved for the main public buildings, principal offices and shops, theatres, cinemas and, in time, an educational college.

Would that Government and Industry would turn their minds towards these rural areas! How much healthier would life be, working, living and playing in these delightful surroundings!

The people of Montgomeryshire would benefit immediately. Agriculture and horticulture would find a demand quite near to their fields and gardens; the young people would still leave their villages, but they would not leave Montgomeryshire, for they would establish new homes in the land of their fathers, in *Powys Paradwys Cymru*.

Plas Dyffryn, Meifod, Montgomeryshire

SAINT-JOHN PERSE

BERYL GASTER

THE name of Saint-John Perse suddenly echoed throughout the world as that of the writer designated for the 1960 Nobel Literary Award. Many of his countrymen had fabricated the story of a lofty and distant individual who courted obscurity in order to pursue what they termed his *art dédaigneux* in solitude. Nothing could, in fact, have been further from the truth. In the current *Figaro Littéraire*, Henri Hoppenot, whose friendship dates back to a shared office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in 1914, writes: *"L'homme va quitter sa légende pour entrer dans l'histoire"*.

In 1887 Alexis Léger (the pseudonym only appeared in 1924 when his life had become *"quasi-publique"*) was born and lived until the age of 11 in l'Ile-à-Feuille, a little island near to Guadeloupe in the Antilles. His earliest teachers were an old officer of Marine, who had a fervent liking for Oriental Mathematics, and a priest, an avowed historian, whose dearest wish was to make the boy a hellenist. His third instructor, Father Duss, a celebrated botanist and a specialist in the flora of the Islands, aroused in him a passionate interest in Natural History.

In 1898 his family settled in Pau and at the Lycée there he met Francis Jammes. It was in 1905 that he became acquainted with Claudel, who suggested that he should take up a diplomatic career. He continued his studies, however, according to his father's wishes, in Medicine and then in Law and Literature at Bordeaux. During this time his companions were Jacques Rivière, Alain Fournier, Valéry Larbaud and André Gide. Finally, in 1914, he took the required examinations and entered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The subsequent years saw him first as Ambassador at Pekin, and later as a delegate to a Limitation of Arms Conference in Washington. From 1933 until 1940 he was Secretary to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

By the Vichy Government's edict of expulsion he was driven to America as an exile, but he very soon accepted a post there as adviser to the Library of Congress at Washington. Since then he has devoted himself to his literary work and has divided his time between Washington and a villa at the Presqu' île de Giens, not far from Hyères.

To the uninitiated the actual bulk of Saint-John Perse's writings seems astonishingly small—a mere handful of slim volumes, and the last one, *Chronique*, for which the prize was given, the slightest of them all. Yet the verse form is always perfect, every line is polished and each word-picture and individual word underlying the philosophy so chosen that it defies quotation and one could wish to memorize the whole. Of all these qualities the imagery is outstanding; it is indeed rich and strange and has suffered not only the sea-change which such an island childhood would naturally engender, but its wonder lies in the way it transmutes the very stuff of Pliny and Linnaeus and Darwin into poetry.

Eloges was written *"pour fêter une enfance"* and spreads out fan-wise the familiar details of daily life. Here again are the nostalgic echoes of Vaughan's *Retreat* and Wordsworth's *Ode:*

"Sinon l'enfance qu'y avait-il alors qu'il n'y a plus? . . .

The difference is that this poet localizes his own childhood for us:

"A droite
On rentrait le café, à gauche le manioc" and
"Ma bonne était métisse et sentait le ricin."

This is an alien world—faces pale and darker and very dark, tropical trees, the tapioca harvest and castor-oil plants, and always the sea. There is a more subtle perception, a more intense receptivity—the single-mindedness of a child:

"ces fleurs jaunes tachées-de-noir-pourpre-à-la-base" or
"Je m'éveille songeant au fruit noir de l'Anibe; à des fleurs en pacquets sous l'aisselle des feuilles."

Alain Bosquet has said of his work:

"Elle n'explique pas, elle exprime. Elle n'exprime pas, elle impose."

Thus when the poet recollects an experience:

"Je me souviens des pleurs
d'un jour trop beau dans
trop d'effroi, dans trop d'effroi!—
du ciel blanc, ô silence! qui flambe comme un regard de fièvre."

Perse evolved a repetition and a punctuation of his own to convey thoughts otherwise too deep for expression. He has, as it were, anchored his childhood by his *"envoi":*

'Or les oncles parlaient bas à ma mère. Ils avaient attaché leur cheval à la porte. Et la Maison durait, sous les arbres à plumes."

Anabase has for object *"le poème de la solitude dans l'action"*. It has been translated into Swedish, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Rumanian, Greek and Dutch. It is significant that Mr. T. S. Eliot translated it into English as early as 1930. He saw the poem as "a series of images of migration, of conquest of vast spaces in Asiatic wastes, of destruction and foundation of cities and civilizations of any races or epochs of the ancient East." The prefaces of the various translators make very interesting reading, and M. Lucien Fabre's notes in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, 1924, give a brilliant exposition of the work.

"We are not concerned," he writes, "with the younger Cyrus and the Ten Thousand in this *Anabasis* of Saint-Léger Léger, I should say of St.-John Perse, and it has nothing in common with Xenophon's *Anabasis* beyond the title. I imagine that the poet has taken the word in its sense of 'military expedition', wishing to make it clear from the beginning that the action takes place in remote regions and in the age of fable. This point settled, we see that this is a poem epic and at the same time lyric which aims at re-creating the adventurous life of a warrior-prince with whom the author identifies himself, the reader feels, at almost every moment."

Straightway, in the vein of his illustrious predecessors, Perse plunges *in medias res:*

"Il naissait un poulain sous les feuilles de bronze. Un homme mit des baies amères dans nos mains. Etranger. Qui passait. Et voici qu'il est bruit d'autres provinces à mon gré—'Je vous salue, ma fille, sous le plus grand des arbres de l'annee'."

Our English translator has given us some superb imagery. There is the "child sorrowful as the death of apes—one that had an elder sister of great beauty—offered us a quail in a slipper of rose-coloured satin."

Again: "Solitude! the blue egg laid by a great sea-bird, and the bays at morning all littered with gold lemons! —yesterday it was. The bird made off."

We are drawn back to the original as inevitably as *"le ciel tire son suc violet"*, for there is something in the sound which will not transpose:

". . . Ah! tant d'aisance dans nos voies, ah! tant d'histoires à l'année, et l'Etranger à ses façons par les chemins de toute la terre."

A perpetual revision of accepted values is demanded—one with no lasting satisfaction. Such is the price of all adventure and of all grandeur.

Exil, published in 1947, is an extension of the exile which was the heritage of a Frenchman born in The Antilles; but that very exile is for him now a bitter homeland where his love for France is exalted to a brilliant purity. Saint-John Perse says of the poem that it is

"un poème de l'éternite de l'exil dans la condition humaine."

So often he has held the sea-shell to his ear and heard the murmurings of all humanity—these verses are at once his *cri de coeur* and his note of warning:

"Car c'est de l'homme qu'il s'agit, et de son renouement.
Quelqu'un au monde, n'élevera-t-il la voix? Témoignage pour l'homme . . .
Que le Poète se fasse entendre, et qu'il dirige le jugement!"

As Lady Macbeth, so are we:

"Toutes les herbes d'Asie à la semelle blanche du lettré ne sauraient nous distraire de cette activité nouvelle; ni un parfum de fraise et d'aube, dans la nuit verte des Florides."

With his last work already in view he makes this bridge:

"Nous avions rendez-vous avec la fin d'un âge."

And so to *Chronique* (1960), a meditation on *"le grand âge et la mort"*.

"Grand âge, nous voici. Rendez-vous pris, et de longtemps, avec cette heure de grand sens."

"Il est temps de brûler nos vieilles coques chargées d'algues. La Croix du Sud est sur la Douane; la frégate-aigle a regagné les îles; l'aigle-harpie est dans la jungle, avec le singe et le serpent-devin. Et l'estuaire est immense sous la charge du ciel."

These very few pages are so weighted with meaning that no word can be lost. The poet-philosopher is gathering together the experience and wisdom of a lifetime.

"Et ramenant enfin les pans d'une plus vaste bure, nous assemblons, de haut, tout ce grand fait terrestre."

Unflinchingly the truth has to be faced. Past, Present and Future merge into one great purpose:

"Et nos actes s'éloignent dans leurs vergers d'éclairs."

"Et nos pensées déjà se lèvent dans la nuit comme les hommes de grande tente, avant le jour qui marchent au ciel rouge portant leur selle sur l'épaule gauche."

"Grand âge, nous voici, Prenez mesure du coeur d'homme."

THE ARTS—

ENTER THE AUSTRALIANS

P. M. T. SHELDON-WILLIAMS

During the past three years there has been a new feature on the London cultural scene—Australia. Manifesting itself in various ways, the Australian vision has edged itself into Britain, but never so violently as in 1960, and with the promise of more to come.

STARTING with the expatriates and now with visits from those whose homes are still in Australia, Britain is experiencing a cultural invasion whose impact and future influence still remain to be properly assessed. *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, beginning as an oddity, ended up as a smash hit with Hollywood's blessing. Ray Lawler, the playwright, is now a figure on the world scene. Novels like Patrick White's *Voss* and those by Robert Close, notably *Love Me Sailor* (which earned him a stint in gaol in Australia) and *Eliza Callaghan*, have *arrived* on an even more popular level—paper backs—and are the subject of film negotiations. His latest, *Hooves of Brass*, not yet published, promises to make a considerable stir.

But these are straightforward successes, easily acceptable, without complications. Their language, even with the genuine accent, is our common heritage. As with the great Australian pianists, the singers, and dancers like Robert Helpman (an architect of the British School of Ballet), and the actors, they claim our applause by their expertise, and we are suitably impressed. The case of the Australian painters is very different and may be of greater significance.

Discounting Drysdale and Dobell, who, culturally speaking, belong to another generation, the first painter to make his presence felt as an Australian in the United Kingdom was Sidney Nolan. A persuasive self-publicist, Nolan awakened interest among British critics, not only with his gentle lyricism but also with his subject matter. Latching on to the early folk heroes like the outlaw Ned Kelly, he turned his canvases into modern case histories of nineteenth century bushrangers and other eccentric individualists. Working in a thin, polished Ripolin (reminiscent of oleographs from the 90's), Nolan evoked an almost uncharted period of time from his own country that to a stranger's eyes had an immediate and undeniable fascination. Rightly, to the discerning, he stood out as an artist of charm.

One painter does not make an Australian summer. Shortly after Nolan's début, Albert Tucker came to Britain fresh from eight years of painting and exhibiting in Europe. Nolan and Tucker both come from Melbourne —no coincidence, as we propose to show. Tucker also uses the bad men and their oppressors in his pictures—but what a difference! The beguiling, lilting approach of Nolan is exchanged for a stark, almost forbidding treatment of subject and paint. This—we are led to believe—is the authentic Australia. Terrain of unearthly antiquity (Tucker calls many of them "Lunar Landscapes") climbs to vertical mountain horizons or unrolls

in borderless deserts; great fissures stand out like wounds in the rock or form the broken scabs of dead craters. Some canvases are like tapestries of sand, the paint's surface worked and reworked in real sand and grit. Even the pigment is mixed from new materials. To give a harder and more permanent impasto, Tucker uses polyvinyl acetate emulsion which hardens to a granite finish.

His people are a piece with the landscapes. Their gnarled and craggy faces (no women) look out in stern determination at the hostile country. On the run, or about their lawful occasions, these men are pioneers in a life and death struggle with their environment, their only baggage, the bare necessities of living, a rifle and ammunition pouches. Under their battered "cabbage-tree" hats, their features are ravaged by the same scars and pockmarks which abound in their background deserts.

There was still one more of the Melbourne trio to make his appearance in London—Arthur Boyd. He did not arrive until this year, and by that time a number of developments had taken place.

Both Nolan and Tucker left Britain for the United States, where their paintings achieved success. Tucker, particularly, was well received by American critics—two large pictures of his were bought by the Museum of Modern Art and another by the Guggenheim Foundation.

Before reviewing the present situation and its implications, it is worth having a look at the Melbourne figurative painters. Boyd, Nolan and Tucker all grew up together in the suburbs of the city. All are now in their forties. Together they were members of the Contemporary Art Society of Australia, of which Tucker was President for several years. Each played a part in the movement "The Angry Penguins", which published its own magazine. And in one way or another each established contact with John Reed, the millionaire art patron, now Director of Melbourne's Museum of Modern Art of Australia.

There can be no doubt that these three painters in these early days each at one stage believed he was transmitting the true Australia through his observation and imagination. Australia at that time was all they knew—except for what they could glean from the museums in their home country and the illustrations and reproductions in books from overseas. Together and individually they sought to recreate in paint the reality of Australia. They were not alone in this project, and it will only be a matter of time before paintings by Robert Dickerson, Charles Blackman, John Perceval, Clifford Pugh, David Boyd and others of the Melbourne Group are shewn in Britain.

What all these artists saw and what they tried to synthesise was the animus of a twentieth century culture grafted onto a prehistoric landscape, a land of paradox rich with exotic birds, a vanishing stone-age people, and proliferating marsupials, that had got lost up a cul-de-sac of evolution. A country with its own gold rush tradition, the land of remittance men, the ticket-of-leave boys, the descendants of warders and transportees and the big waves of *free* immigrants, today booming on wool and with a mineral potential unequalled in any part of the globe, a continent where prospectors still go off on amateur safari in search of gold and moonstones, and where

pioneers and explorers are drawing a new map as the great hinterland becomes opened up with each succeeding year. It was to try to convey something of the polyglot atmosphere and inheritance that led the Melbourne figurative artists in the forties of this century to create a modern Australian style. They followed—at a distance—Roland Wakelin in Sydney and George Bell, Arnold Shore, William Frater and Adrian Lawler who had brought the Australian school of impressionism to an end with a reassessment of Cézanne, Modigliani and the Post-Impressionists a decade before.

The most vivid influence upon the modern Australian painters of the forties came, curiously enough, from Germany and the Lowlands. This bizarre and tortured manner was introduced by Albert Tucker, whose early work is heavily indebted to Beckmann, Ensor, Kokoschka and others in the Nordic tradition. Much of Melbourne painting today, and certainly when "The Angry Penguins" was a going concern, was strongly affected by the 1920 German expressionists. It was almost as if the cultural message had gone into reverse. Just as Pechstein yearned for the South Seas, and Klee and August Macke sought escape from the Vaterland in Morocco, as Emil Nolde dramatized the masks of Negro sculpture and New Guinea, so the painters of Melbourne were excited by reproductions of the work of these Europeans seeking inspiration 20 years before in Africa and the Pacific.

Not unnaturally, the results of this enthusiasm were very different from the original source material. Not only were they transmuted by distance (in time and space), but they were subject to an obviously different environment with an historic background completely at variance. Again, even the best reproductions are no substitutes for the real thing. The influence which the most thoroughgoing Melbourne expressionists were sucking in was, at second hand, paper copies of the original. That they fashioned something of their own out of this slender contact was fortuitous in the extreme. Comparison with their masters yields peculiar results.

With the best of them, this flirtation with the German and Nederland school was shortlived. It was as if, like the duckbilled platypus and the wallaby, they had lost track of the mainstream of Western evolution and developed a hybrid culture "sport" of their own. Their unquestionably European roots had caught in an alien soil and, nurtured by it, blossomed into unforseeable flower. The distinctive Australian flavour varies from painter to painter, but where it is strongest probably lies this new country's greatest hope for a healthy cultural future.

What happens next is inextricably mixed up in Art politics. Of the three artists whose work has been seen in London this summer, Nolan has received a *succès d'estime* with his *Leda and the Swan* series (eminently lacking in all reference to his homeland), Tucker has given his work a yet more uncontradictable Australian content, but Boyd—the newcomer—is the most typical in terms of what is being painted in Melbourne now. The question which arises is whether the world as a whole cares *or can be made to care* for this kind of painting. Forty years ago German expressionism, on which Boyd and many of the other Melbourne painters

have dined so heavily, made very little impact on Britain, France and Italy, although some enthusiasm was aroused in the United States. It has taken nearly 40 years for this kind of modern art to make any headway in the United Kingdom, and even today only a few names—Klee, Kokoschka, Franz Marc, Beckmann perhaps—mean anything to most English collectors.

Arthur Boyd will be holding a retrospective exhibition at the LCC's Whitechapel Gallery in 1962. This decision was taken following a meeting between the painter and the Gallery's Director, Bryan Robertson. Such an exhibition is an honour and an important step in any painter's career. Robertson thought highly of Boyd's work; he wrote the introduction to the catalogue of his London exhibition and he twice rose to voice his support for his protégé over the BBC (in *The Critics* and *Comment*).

This information is relevant in view of Robertson's visit to Australia this year, where he met John Reed. These two must clearly have realized during the short time they spent together that they had strong mutual interests. In sum, these amount to a determination to create a new deviation in public taste.

For some while now the art world has been marking time while the action painters and tachistes try to contrive some method of escape from the desperate trap which they themselves contrived—just as the original abstract painters found themselves caught in an arid blind alley of utter non-objectivity. Interested parties have been looking eagerly to see how modern art will develop next. The fact that action painting was given direction in Britain by the important American exhibition at the Tate a few years ago has given those who yearn for change an anti-American bias. Work on the Continent seems sterile, nothing new appears likely to emerge from Britain. But Australia . . . Here might be the answer. A new school of painting . . . from within the Commonwealth.

Robertson's espousal of Boyd in this context was perhaps a trial run for the next Australians to come to London. While in Melbourne he and John Reed were able to plan a group exhibition of the "young" Australians to be mounted at the Whitechapel Gallery in 1961. Many of the contributors will be the artists Reed has been encouraging and shewing patronage in the period since the two expatriates left the nest a dozen or more years ago. Twelve years is not so long in the history of painting, but in this short space a recognizable style has grown up in Australia whose exponents can readily be traced through a cerebral ingrown tradition to an early painting of Tucker's *The Vaudevillean*. The picture used to hang (on loan from the Reed Collection) in the café of Georges Mora in Melbourne, where the painters of the Contemporary Art Society of Australia met. *The Vaudevillean* was a resynthesis of the work and style of Max Beckmann. In an Australia starved on the genuine expressionists, this *counterfeit* Beckmann had an overwhelming influence on the young men—Blackman, Dickerson, and to a lesser extent Arthur Boyd (reacting at one remove from Dickerson). From this single picture flows a whole school of painting, a group whose work is going to be put on view this year at the Whitechapel Gallery.

FORUM FEATURE—

ATLANTIC UNION

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. GORDON CATLIN

I

THERE are three drawbacks to what I have here to say. The first is that Mr. Macmillan, not so much in a private press talk (or "non-existent interview"), so much criticized by Lord Lambton as in the House of Commons, has stated in substance so much of what is the argument here that it may seem to be an impertinence for anybody else to urge it. For that matter, when Mr. Hugh Gaitskell signed, some while ago, a letter to *The Times*, to rally support for the society called The Friends of Atlantic Union, he may reasonably seem to have put himself in the same camp. The remaining two drawbacks are that the present argument is sure to be bitterly attacked by the extreme Right, of Lord Lambton and that distinguished Canadian who visits our shores to tell us what to do, Lord Beaverbrook; and by the *frères ennemis* of the extreme Left, Messrs. Michael Foot, Sidney Silverman, Ian Mikado, Tom Driberg and all. However, it is a sound rule in politics that nothing is more dangerous than policies having the joint support of the two extremes; and, further, that when a theme is attacked with passion from opposite sides it is probably about sound and that of sensible men, who display the three high political virtues of judgement, humour and loyalty.

To begin with, it must be stressed that the Prime Minister committed himself to no such revolutionary proposition of political mergence or even of federal union as Lord Lambton seemed, in his contribution to the Beaverbrook Press, to suggest. Similarly, if we read Sir Winston Churchill's speech at Fulton or even his more emphatic speech before the Virginia Legislature, it is couched in more general terms than has been supposed in some quarters—although this is not to suggest that his startling proposal of an Anglo-French political union, in 1941, was not entirely genuine or sincere. Patently what can be done at the high furnace temperature of wartime is not (perhaps unfortunately) practicable with public opinion in peace and with its sense of urgency dulled. We may yet grant that the quite remarkable construction of Messrs. Schuman, Adenauer and de Gasperi, not unheralded by Sir Winston, of organization of the Common Market is a startling instance to the contrary. From his answer to questioning in the House of Commons (December 1, 5 and 6, 1960) what becomes clear is that Prime Minister Macmillan was ready to argue—and has, very informally, so told press-men—that a condition for political survival in any recognizable form over the next 20 years was such a close Atlantic co-operation, including Anglo-American co-operation, that it could, not inappropriately, be described as a form of integration or mergence or what this writer, in terms of political interchange of plans and personnel, has called "organic consultation" and union.

The word "mergence" has aroused unnecessary alarm—perhaps sincere in quarters that would prefer an Anglo-Russian merger—just as Viscount

Montgomery's crusading call for "a pooling of sovereignty" aroused distress among those who think that the forms of national state sovereignty shaped at the Peace of Westphalia, three centuries ago, should be regarded as essential, static and eternal. If an engineer, in planning, adopted the same stereotypes, we could expect that his engines, under new and different conditions of functioning, would explode—nor should we probably be disappointed. The times are grave and will not wait for the mental reconstruction of those out of touch with contemporary thinking. However, it may be asked: Is not the policy, nationalist, proud and independent, of M. de Gaulle, the modern and right one? The policy of France, like the motto of Paris, is *Fluctuat nec mergitur*. Maybe a critic would say that Gaullist policy fluctuates too little—is too rigid for safety—but at least it is not submerged in some humiliating union, along with Hawaii, as a fifty-first State. The reply is that all this is adolescent talk—or the more irresponsible and culpable talk of journalists, stirring trouble—emotionally conjuring up a bogey without substance. Nobody proposes anything of the kind. Even, be it added, the federal unionists at their most doctrinaire were never so imbecile as to equate the British Commonwealth with Nevada. Nor is admission of some kind of world government as a great horizon goal, at present impracticable, if conjoined with very serious technical study of present stages in regional approach, a theme in the least doctrinaire. The present writer, at least, knows of no more solid or scientific politics: it is good engineering and bridge-building.

It is well to note just what the Prime Minister did say. Formal press interview there was none; and the excited talk about it was about a phantom of heated imaginations. In his Press Conference in Rome of November 23, commenting on press statements that he had predicted the eventual unification or "merger" of Great Britain and the United States, the Prime Minister said: "I firmly believe that, unless all the various groups of nations who hold the same faith, who wish to see the survival of what is called our way of life, work more and more closely together in every field, political, economic and, where possible, in defence, I think that in this long struggle we shall not be successful . . . those who hold the same belief must get closer and closer together, and not allow themselves to be divided by the animosities or the memories of past disputes and struggles."

II

It is interesting that, in the above statement, the Prime Minister seemed to introduce military defence almost as an after-thought and with qualification. The NATO Alliance is a fact. He may have felt that the need for it was self-evident and did not require comment. NATO, however, is primarily a military fact and, moreover, a local or regional one—which has, indeed, the odd topographical consequence that Turkey is found to be in the North Atlantic area. Under its constitution the British Commonwealth is broken apart and Australia and New Zealand, in ANZO with the United States, cannot belong to it. There is indeed a clause in the Charter under which it is indicated that the organization has functions within the informational and cultural fields, including the presentation

of "the Western pattern". It is a field in which ex-President Eisenhower expressed himself to this writer as "fanatically interested". It is not, however, a field of which is can be honestly said that USIA (hampered indeed by Congressional meanness about funds) has been an unqualified success, least of all in organizing a presentation wider than the American. As to NATO, the relevant clause, above mentioned, has scarcely been operated. Only in 1961 does one find that an Atlantic Institute for this purpose, approved by the London NATO Conference of 1959, has been set up, provisionally in Milan. From the nature of the case, the function is not one that can be performed under the UN Assembly or Security Council or by UNESCO. Such matters as the Congo fall rather within their ambit. The time may, of course, yet come when the United Nations will be able to exercise what President Kennedy, in his Inaugural Address, called "an absolute power" to control all weapons. "What is then to be done?" (to quote Lenin). Whither do we go?

It may reasonably be said that what the British should attend to is the drawing closer together of what used to be called the British Empire or Commonwealth, with emphasis upon Free Trade and upon its historical pattern of life. Some of the economic arguments here, in terms of Commonwealth trade, re-discussed at the time of the Mont Tremblant Conference, have been stated in an earlier article. Cecil Rhodes thought along these lines and many of the visions of Rhodes still are stimulating. So, at one time, thought Jan Smuts—although his attitude possibly produced in South Africa the unhappy reaction we see today. Mr. John Diefenbaker, if he was not actually elected on a gesture promising a large transference of trade from the USA to Britain, nevertheless made this part of his successful Election Campaign. Nevertheless, the plan as originally visualized by Lord Beaverbrook is simply not practicable; and the attitude of Lord Beaverbrook's fellow Canadians, so deeply tied in with American trade and finance, is a reason why this is so. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft's rather casual proposal of Commonwealth Free Trade at Mont Tremblant seemed to Ontario little less than a bomb-shell. Politically, indeed, and culturally Canadians may demand—rather like some of the Scots in romantic sentiment, and perhaps excessively—an assertive independence from the States. But the consequence of this is a rather self-conscious nationalist sentiment, bubbling up in "the flag question" and the like, which has an effect centrifugal more than centripetal on the Commonwealth.

The Commonwealth then, legally *sui generis*, however much it may be as desirable as Mr. Nehru says it is, and however excellent an example—as we shall see—of good political relations, does not answer our problem. It is in transition, although not so painfully so as the more artificial *Communauté français*. Nevertheless it remains a fact, and an economic fact which prevents easy adhesion to the European Common Market—although perhaps more emphasis is placed upon this in Westminster than in Ottawa or Canberra.

There remains the route of United Europe, of which the admitted tendency, although not the present accomplishment, is a merger. I always recall with pleasure, as a good European, that, not only did I have the

honour of writing for the Polish Government-in-Exile a pamphlet on this theme, but of being an NEI delegate to the organization of The Hague European Conference. This route does not, of course, at all mean—it would, for example, be entirely contrary to the spirit of General de Gaulle—the extinction as entities of the constituent nations of Europe; but it does mean, in the long run, a species of confederation in which a very substantial measure of economic power lies, and will increasingly lie, in the organs of the confederacy. A hopeful British expectancy that nothing serious would happen with this doubtless noble experiment has been found to be itself the illusion. Even politically advance will probably be made, commending itself to General de Gaulle provided only that France herself leads it.

Although to many enthusiasts the merger of Britain in Europe seems only logical, and they dream of it as inevitable, the objections are solid and the proposal itself may be unnecessary—without yet damaging what indeed is one of the finest adventures in creative politics which we have seen in this century, in defiance of ancient traditions of enmity and of inveterate addiction to local pride of sovereignty. The Commonwealth objection apart—and this is politically weighty in prestige and cash—a main objection to Anglo-European fusion is that it can readily spell a reduction in the standard of living of the British pattern of the English-speaking world, although not, of course, of the Australian, Canadian and American. Admittedly, as Mr. Alfred Robins has pointed out, with a greatly expanding economy the standard of high living of all can benefit, although Continental Europe would do so more remarkably. It cannot indeed be said that the so-called "Grand Design", which offered a fine name for a poor performance, promises anything much better. Rather, another course has to be taken.

The Franco-German *entente* (still ill-comprehended among the more emotional in Britain) is basic for the stability of Europe—two civil wars in Europe have been enough—but already Dr. Adenauer is looking beyond Europe to the Anglo-Saxon Powers to save him from French *hauteur*. French politicians, even if they are not sorry to see the Anglo-Saxons out of Europe, have always been willing to recognize—even in the days when they wanted Britain in—what were the peculiar difficulties of the Commonwealth. The appropriate answer, on every count, is not to slow down the dynamism of European Union, but to seek to place the whole within an effective wider framework, embracing Western Europe, the Commonwealth and the Americas. (I say "the Americas", perhaps in an outer ring, because I don't think that Washington would agree to less, any more than Britain would desire to exclude India.) This involves an "organic union", if by this is meant a habit of confederate co-operation or a Commonwealth model, to which policy and institutions can be progressively adapted. The power focus may well be in the Washington-Ottawa-Westminster triangle—but this is another, if not negligible, story. It is easier to describe the nucleus than to define the perimeter.

In 1941 Wendell Willkie, one of the most respected of Republican Presidential candidates (who got more votes, even if he lost, than did

Mr. Truman even if he won), with his eyes fixed on the distant horizon of "One World", powerfully advocated what he called a social and economic union of the United States and the British Commonwealth.* The terms are important since the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, has quite rightly said (*Hansard*, Dec. 6, 1960) that he does not believe in an Atlantic Union construed as consisting only of the large United States and the island, with one-third of its population, of Great Britain. Patently, the Commonwealth can never be excluded. Some of those who first used this phrase (including myself), and specifically Walter Lippmann in 1944, never meant this. Today, with the enmity of Paris and Berlin laid to rest, Western Europe must also be included in the wider frame. Nor perhaps was Willkie's term "economic union" entirely happy. Rather it is the slow evolution of a regional fusion, aspiring to the whole free world but moving by practicable stages of sentimental strength, cultural, economic and even, in some confederate fashion, political, which has to be visualized. Perhaps we can scarcely put the issue better than did the Premier. "I believe that Europe, the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth and United States should, in monetary matters, economic matters and defence matters and all their general policy work towards an ever-closer union . . . we should always have our eyes upon its ultimate attainment." As the Premier concluded, "I am not ashamed of it and I think it commands a certain measure of support on all sides of the House."

III

Of recent years it has been customary to say, in the words of the Warden of New College, Sir William Hayter (*Observer*, January 15), recently echoed by Mr. William Clark, when broadcasting, that 1945 "was the end of Great Britain as a Great Power"—"the Death-bed of the Big Three". Although both are guiltless, their words may by error only too much encourage a defeatist so-called "realism" which has been very current. It is a view from which I sharply dissent. I know that, when military leadership is lost, men begin to talk of "moral leadership"—something even more offensive to outsiders, because more presumptuous. This is not what I mean here. China and India were always more populous and extensive than any European Power, even Rome herself. But a great Power, as was shown in the days of Elizabeth I, and of the great ages of Venice, Portugal and Holland, without quoting Athens or Carthage, is made by policy and perspective. The issue is one of what the history of the times demands; and of who can fulfil the demand.

Charles de Gaulle has made France great again. Nevertheless, the rôle of France, except perhaps as the unifier of Europe, is necessarily limited. The rôle of England is not so limited. Grandeur consists in seeing what great historic work can be undertaken, and then with resolution undertaking it. Much nonsense has been talked about Canada being "the

* The story of this advocacy will be found set out in my *Atlantic Community*, Macmillan, Toronto, 1959. The present writer acted by invitation very briefly as a species of "back-room boy" to Mr. Willkie in his Election campaign. As to my discussion of "organic consultation", today urged in terms of economics and weapons, the reader is referred to Walter Lippmann's *US War Aims*, 1944.

buckle" between Britain and the United States (indeed her far older colonies). The analogy is false. But Britain does happen not only to be the focal centre of the greatest of world languages. She also is quite precisely the buckle between Europe and North America. This certainly does not mean—peace be to the shade of Lafayette—that Americans cannot understand France or Europe save through Westminster interpretations. It does mean that, as the Germans have recognized from Bismarck to Hitler, there is a quite peculiar Anglo-Canadian-American relationship—and an Irish one—; a sharing (to quote President Kennedy) of "spiritual and cultural origins". The faint-hearted are blind to it. But it is on the record as an immense historic fact, of crucial political significance. It should be emphasized; not played down by scepticism or (more frequently) by an ignoble jealousy or by the snobbishness of superior persons or the resentment of local patriots with ill-proportioned memories. This does not interfere with the universal rôle in international affairs of all countries of this comity; it does make them in power more effective.

The continuing greatness—and, I would affirm, the increasing, not decreasing grandeur—of England, passing beyond the union of Great Britain and of the Commonwealth, consists in recognizing in policy this rôle, which her accumulated experience but, even more, her actual history indicates. It lies in evoking in the United States—an old country, no longer so seized as some others by the hot fever of new and centrifugal nationalism—a reciprocal recognition of the common destiny of both, which lies in contributing, in loyal co-operation and "interdependence" with a slowly uniting Europe (of which Britain, unlike America, in one sense is part), towards the founding and confirming of what, in a great American's phrase was called "a wider union", a true land of hope and glory. This is a union dedicated to the ensuring of peace and the safeguarding of human rights and freedom in terms of which, to quote President Kennedy, "there is little we cannot do". Territorial inflation without policy does not make a great Power, nor does narrow, picayune, and mean attention to what small men call "national interest". If this task, carried through with courage, does not make a Great Power, nothing does.

Continued from Page 119—BILAINKIN—

Never in the history of Man, surely, has a new President faced so many horrifying possibilities, desperate problems. But President Kennedy has more zest than any to turn crisis into unforgettable opportunity, and noble achievement. The world salutes its youngest leader with confidence in the trembling Year of Destiny, 1961.

George Bilainkin contributed signed "Sunday Mercury" leaders on foreign affairs at the age of 17. At 26, in Malaya, he edited a 16-page daily and served as "Times" Correspondent. His book forecasting Hitler's attack via Danzig sold, in March, 1934, 450 copies, and, by June, 1939, 25,000. Has interviewed Salazar twice, Kishi, De Gaulle, Ibn Saud, Abdul Azzizz, Peron, Lupescu, Horthy, Umberto, Tito (biography, 1950), Haakon, Kubitchek, Grand Mufti, Attlee. Now writing 14th book, "Asia Resurgent", on lecture-tour, 50,000 miles, 11 states, six months. Likes caviare, monasteries; dislikes cats. Never appeared on TV. Shangri-la: Swiss Alps village (400 pop.).

WORLD VISTAS—

THE PREMISES OF SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY

PAT SLOAN

SOVIET policy was once described by Winston Churchill as "a mystery, wrapped in an enigma". Today it is described by Mr. Carroll of the *Daily Telegraph*, echoed by Sir Richard Maconachie in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW last November, as a "conundrum". What is this mystery, enigma, conundrum?

In the present article an attempt will be made to answer this question. For, unless we understand the motive forces of Soviet policy, we may land in nuclear disaster. To do this consciously, knowing the issues at stake, is one thing. It is a conscious act, like suicide. But to do it merely because the policy of another State has been misunderstood would be an even greater disaster to the Nation, a sort of national death by misadventure. The present writer would prefer for Britain neither death by suicide nor by misadventure, and believes that our national survival, and peace in general, are possible.

First, I shall try to show how Soviet actions and policies are misrepresented. I shall then try to summarize the essence of Soviet foreign policy as it is.

Mr. Khrushchev's activities last autumn at the UN Assembly are a case in point. The main content of his contributions was very inadequately conveyed to the British public. Instead, we read lurid accounts of alleged misbehaviour.

For example, he twice interrupted our Prime Minister. But why?

On the first occasion Mr. Macmillan had in sympathetic tone said he understood the Soviet Government's objection to inspection. Why should Mr. K. then have behaved in such an unfriendly fashion? For the simple reason that, only three days before, he had placed before the Assembly his own most detailed proposals for a system of control *pari passu* with disarmament. By graciously treating these proposals as non-existent Mr. Macmillan was politely insulting Mr. K. and thus provoked an interruption.

The second point was the U-2 flight. The tactic of the West had been to portray Mr. K. as making a mountain out of a molehill, and on this basis won a majority in the Assembly. But if anyone still has doubts as to Mr. K.'s justification for persistently raising the issue, let him read *Reader's Digest* of October, 1960, in which an article prepared "with the co-operation of the US Air Department" boasts of dozens of such illegal flights and describes the USSR as an "enemy" country.

As regards the manner of Mr. K.'s interruptions, an *Observer* correspondent wrote that "from the Assembly gallery Mr. Khrushchev's interruptions appeared neither angry nor as important a part of the debate as television and other reports made them seem."

A second example was the alleged "threat" of Khrushchev in his last Assembly speech that Britain would be smashed on the first day of war. The full story is as follows:

Mr. K. had just concluded a conciliatory sentence, saying that "if the Western Powers show goodwill we shall eagerly study and make use of all the proposals submitted in order to work out a solution which would be directed towards safeguarding general and complete disarmament under international control", when a British representative interrupted on a point of order, only to be overruled by the President. It was then that Mr. K. continued, saying that such interruptions came from "merchants in blood" who are not perturbed "that the threat of disastrous thermonuclear war hangs over mankind . . . If a war broke out they would undoubtedly cease to exist because Britain, which is often called in the West an unsinkable aircraft carrier, would cease to exist on the first day of the war." And he then went straight on, in the next sentence, to add: "One has only to visualize the meaning of nuclear war to understand that it is imperative to do everything to avert it."

There is little doubt that if the incident had been reported in its full context there would have been at least as much indignation in this country against the Foreign Office interrupter as against Mr. K.'s rejoinder.

My third example is taken from Sir Richard Maconachie's article last November when he accused the USSR of "double talk" and "double think" on the basis of a *Times* quotation from *Pravda* asserting that "peaceful coexistence" was "another form of class struggle" that "eroded and weakened the capitalist system", a phrase Sir Richard twice repeated in this article.

The passage in question occurred in an article defending a Soviet policy of peace against Left-wing critics who said this strengthened the capitalist system, a point in no way made clear by *The Times*. To these critics the writer replied that the policy of peaceful co-existence was "the highest form of class struggle" because it is "the struggle for the peoples themselves to see which system is better, which system ensures the more rapid development of the productive forces and displays the most care for man." Thus, he sees peaceful coexistence as a peaceful competition between the two social systems, and, of course, as a Soviet writer, sees the Socialist countries as the future winners.

Exactly the same point was made in the Statement of 81 Communist Parties issued after last November's discussions. The choice, says the statement, is between "peaceful coexistence of countries with different systems or destructive war . . . The policy of peaceful coexistence meets the basic interests of all peoples, of all who want no cruel wars and seek durable peace . . . Peace is a loyal ally of socialism, for time is working for socialism and against capitalism . . . Peaceful coexistence of states does not imply renunciation of the class struggle as the revisionists claim," since in peacetime "favourable opportunities are provided for the development of the class struggle in the capitalist countries and the national liberation movement." Incidentally, this does not necessarily imply bloody revolution, since the Statement also declares that, "given a united working class and popular front or other workable forms of agreement and political co-operation between different parties and public organizations it is possible to unite a majority of the people, win state power without civil war, and

ensure the transfer of the basic means of production to the hands of the people."

Thus, while one may or may not like this Communist programme, which explicitly chooses the path of international peace rather than world war, and peaceful political change rather than civil war, its honesty should be recognized rather than dismissing it with Orwellian accusations of "double think".

These three examples are all a warning not to judge Soviet policy by castrated press quotations. I do not suggest that in the past the Soviet press has not been guilty of similar distortions, though always less than alleged in the West, and much less now than formerly. But the essential point for us in Britain is to know what the Russians are really saying, and not to accept garbled accounts that turn consistent arguments into mysteries and enigmas.

Let us now turn to Soviet policy as it is, whether palatable or not depends on our point of view. It is based on the following premises:

(1) That a socialist country, by its nature, has everything to gain from peace, since its planned economy can provide in peacetime full employment and rising living standards, while there are no vested interests which profit from arms production (or even workers who see possible disarmament as synonymous with unemployment).

It is equally believed that under capitalism, where profits are made from armaments, very powerful forces are working against disarmament. According to Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin these forces were strong enough to make war "inevitable" so long as capitalism lasts. But this thesis was officially abandoned by the Soviet Communist Party in 1956 on the ground that today "war is not fatalistically inevitable" any longer, because of the strength of the socialist countries, the existence of countries representing hundreds of millions of people "which are actively working to prevent war", and because of the strength of the peace movement on a world scale. Whatever seemed to be the future outlook in 1918 or even 1953, today it is optimistic on the prospects of peace.

(2) That the socialist and communist social system will ultimately be adopted in its main essentials by other countries and that Soviet peacetime progress will become so impressive that, sooner or later, and without war, it will inspire other peoples to follow suit.

In earlier Marxist formulations, revolution and the "smashing" of the old state machine was usually assumed to imply armed revolt. But already at the Seventh (and last) Congress of the Communist International in 1935, inspired by events in Spain and France, it was recognized that a democratic, non-violent, transition to socialism might be possible through a Popular Front. And both the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party and the 81 parties in November last year adhere to this view. In countries, of course, where no peaceful democratic doors are open, as under Franco's dictatorship or as was the case in Batista's Cuba, a revolutionary overthrow may still be necessary, but its violence may be very much limited.

It is generally assumed in the USSR that the economic prospect of surpassing the USA by 1970, in production per head and living standards,

is a realistic one. And even this, says Khrushchev, is but a "halfway house" to full Communism. Hence the repeated appeals, formulated on the lines of Khrushchev's words to the Twenty-first Party Congress in 1959 as follows: "We offer the capitalist countries peaceful competition, and our offer goes beyond the period of the Seven Year Plan. We are drawing up a long-term development plan covering 15 years. This plan, too, is based on peaceful development and peaceful economic competition."

(3) Since, in the Soviet view, there will always be threats to peace so long as capitalism and imperialism exist without all-round disarmament, the USSR will continue to preserve armed forces as long as other countries do so. And there have always been limits beyond which it would not allow war bases to be prepared just outside its frontiers. Finland and the Baltic States in 1939 and Hungary in 1956 are cases in point. The threat of retaliation against countries which let themselves be used as bases for illegal American flights over Soviet territory is in line with this policy.

But, at the same time, since disarmament would be an unmitigated advantage in the USSR, we have a stream of concrete Soviet proposals, coupling disarmament with inspection. The latest formula, which William Yates, Conservative MP, has suggested we accept, is that "if the West accepts the Soviet disarmament proposals, the USSR will accept the West's proposals for control."

Another aspect of Soviet disarmament proposals is the repeated suggestion that all countries withdraw their troops from the territories of others, and the undertaking that if this proposal were accepted Soviet troops would be completely withdrawn from countries such as Hungary.

(4) It should never be forgotten that from 1918 to 1921 and 1941 to 1945 the USSR has twice been the victim of massive intervention and invasion, and has always expressed sympathy for other such victims and rendered what aid it could. Its support for Abyssinia and Spain in the 1930s, for Egypt over Suez, and Cuba today are all part of this policy. It has always been proclaimed that Soviet policy supports countries striving for, or defending, their national independence. (The counter-argument, that the USSR has itself been building up a growing Empire in Eastern Europe, is worthy of study. Investigation shows that Soviet policy towards these countries is anything but that of an imperialist state towards colonies, but this is a detailed subject and cannot be discussed without separate and lengthy treatment.)

(5) The USSR has always supported the United Nations, but on the basis of the Charter, which lays down the principle of unanimity between the five permanent members of the Security Council, so that neither the capitalist nor the socialist side—whichever gains the majority—shall impose its policy on the other. The total of Soviet "vetoes" is a precise measure of the number of times that the West has insisted on a vote being taken before unanimity was reached.

If our press had fully reported the recent case made out by the Soviet delegation on changing the administrative structure of the United Nations, showing how this so-called world organization is administratively dominated by NATO personnel, public reaction would have undoubtedly supported

Khrushchev's proposals for "strengthening" the organization. The picture of Mr. K. trying to "weaken" the apparatus was only made by suppressing the detailed factual information presented by the Soviet delegates on the biased structure of the UN administration.

(6) The USSR has introduced into world trade a new element in the sale of capital goods, not as an investment, but on long-term credit. It is a basic principle of Soviet economics that capital is but "crystallized labour" which takes a relatively long time to yield up its value. Hence the USSR sells capital goods to Egypt, India and a score of other countries, not as an investment claiming interest or profit in perpetuity, but as goods on a long-term credit, to be repaid over 20 years in the form of the country's own products and at a moderate rate of interest of 2 or 2½ per cent. This form of capital export marks the death-knell of its traditional form, and it is this manifestation of Soviet competition which is its real "menace" in international trade. But just in so far as this is a menace to the old capital-exporting countries it is a blessing to the contemporary capital-importing ones.

If all the above points are taken together we see that there is no mystery or enigma about Soviet foreign policy. Internally, all Soviet citizens want peace and the rising standard of living which it promises them. All-round disarmament, coupled with inspection, would liberate vast additional resources for achieving rising standards, while eliminating the danger of attack from any outside power. Hence, in the Soviet view, peaceful internal progress, peaceful coexistence with the rest of the world, disarmament, and the world trend towards national independence and socialism are seen as a single historical process, and Soviet policy is determined accordingly. This view may be honestly opposed, but should not be misrepresented or misunderstood.

May I conclude with a word on "tension"? The USSR, which is vitally interested in cutting its arms bill, is doing so, despite American developments in the contrary direction. In the 1961 Soviet budget, defence expenditure is reduced to £3,800 million. Eisenhower's last budget for USA arms expenditure reached the record peace-time high of £15,000 million. Every time, since the last war, there has been the possibility of some concrete agreement being reached to lessen world tension, there has shown itself a panic on Wall Street which neither the American nor the British press could conceal. It is Wall Street, not the USSR, that believes that international tension is a *sine qua non* of prosperity. While there are some exceptions, for example Henry Ford (Jun.) spoke out on one post-war occasion in favour of a cut in arms expenditure, the general tendency of Wall Street to equate international tension with prosperity is public knowledge which can be supported by endless quotations from the American press (and not taken from their context).

So, whether Soviet and Communist policy is liked or disliked, at least it cannot be said to be obscure. And, believing that the future is on their side, they can confidently rest their hopes on benefitting from the elimination of war from human history.

TERRITORIAL ECONOMIC CO-ORDINATION —SOUTH OF THE SAHARA

EDWARD F. JEAL

An exposition of the problem of cultural diversity in multi-racial communities in contemporary Africa and a solution of the problem of political immaturity. An earlier article on this theme, entitled "Anthropological Gulf", appeared in our issue of September, 1960.

IN AFRICA government on an autonomous basis will be rendered very difficult by the immaturity of the non-White races, who still include scarcely any administrators or technicians, quite apart from the general primitiveness of the cultures. At the same time, in existing self-governing regions, the problem that presents itself is that of how to begin to work out multi-racialism. The Union of South Africa is indicated in so much to be the future Matrix of Africa, but it is hampered by the spirit of restrictionism. Africa is indeed most backward, and not naturally over-endowed, while there is a mass of obstacles to material progress; but it is from Africa itself that its advancement must spring in accord with African conditions and needs.

Inevitably, we must expect disturbed conditions in Africa inimical to its progress. Outside capitalists get scared, and skilled, experienced people inside begin to wonder whether it might not be better to seek futures elsewhere. These circumstances must arrest African development, which is to be deplored in the present state of poverty among indigenous folk, all badly needing rising incomes that call for conditions of stability and progress. Already, big mining and business groups are turning from Africa in view of the problems, and such groups belonging to Africa are considering ventures outside to spread risks, which must have the effect of reducing the capital available in and to this Continent.

This is a situation calling for remedy on diplomatic and political, as well as economic and commercial, grounds. Poverty makes for discontent, and agitation for disruption of work and nervousness among capitalists. The resources of Africa are hard to exploit, except long-term, with the expenditure of vast sums indirectly in the provision of public utility services. All this calls for great skill and experience that only a White cadre can supply.

To refuse demands for the freedom of the indigenous peoples is to court insurrection and non-co-operation, all involving large expenditure for old controlling authorities no longer able to find the men for the task. Yet to grant freedom, without promoting conditions of material advancement through the necessary checks and safeguards, can equally give rise to an emergent anarchy or an entrant hand from elsewhere, first to restore a degree of order, vital to human existence on an organized social basis. Witness the Congo.

The Partition of Africa, resulting from the scramble that was a feature of nineteenth century European commercialism, product of the Industrial Revolution, had nothing reasonable about it. The frontiers which resulted were historical accidents, often without physical sanctions, with nothing

real attaching to them. Even these frontiers were disregarded where it suited, as witness the Congo Basin Treaties. The region south of the Sahara is substantially unitary, and has the common feature of being beyond that vast desert (negotiated by the caravan in the remarkable Moslem civilization of the medieval world), which constitutes a barrier to control from Europe. Truly, the negro of the West coast differs ethnologically and in the form of his economy (an economy devoid of cattle) from the negroid of the central, eastern and southern regions, inhabited by the Bantu (who had his old home round the lakes and migrated south as far as the Fish River, there to meet the incoming Holland settlers).

It was incongruous for the French and the Belgians to have applied administrative practices made in Paris and Brussels on the two banks of the Lower Congo, within a mile of each other. The two spots of installation are, of course, like neither, but are almost identical, one with the other. African solutions are needed, in accord with conditions and requirements, not a patch quilt from various European countries that are completely exotic. The most outstanding characteristic, moreover, among politicoes of Africa is their Pan-Africanism, their complete disregard of old frontiers in their forward thinking, simply because of the unreality of these divisions —divisions associated with an unpopular Colonialism, detested alike, today, by White and Black Africans, as an anachronistic encroachment. It is now seen as a tyranny of ignorance exerted by the electoral masses of Europe, completely uninformed on Africa, but with their politicians in their grip, ready to do their bidding to prolong their own tenancies of office. Vide current events in Kenya and the Federation.

Long before the current phase of African emancipation, which has come upon us like a "bolt from the blue", it should have been clear to any thoughtful person that some form of Territorial Economic Co-ordination for Development was desirable. Capital was scarce in a fast-evolving world until latterly wrent by war. Its utilization would be more effective if it were applied according to an overall Plan, appropriately to cover various territories, instead of being used piecemeal in each unco-ordinatively. As the frontiers meant so little, and as projects would gain in effectiveness and economic result if conceived and executed sub-continentally, the capital for them would be the easier to raise because surer of affording a more adequate return and greater security.

That was the economic or business side; but, since then, a political and psychological facet has forced itself on our attention to match the economic. African states cannot yet be governed by Africans, though, nominally, they are being freed, except through advisership and imported personnel: the men are simply not available from African ranks, and capital will not be attracted except where a large measure of such tutelage obtains. Yet the areas of Africa can no longer be handled from outside, while business men profit, without direct reference to the indigenous (uninterested as the vast mass really is in anything but its highly localized humdrum existence). Nor can the areas be handled by White Settler minorities inside, unless these are prepared to find some way of entry to the political for African leaders.

There is thus need of an overall and intermediate technical authority, mainly economic in composition and function, to act as an easement and transitional force. Power must appear to reside in the hands of area governments, where responsibility must also be nominally discharged. But, behind the facade, there needs to be knowledgeable control of the whole, with due respect for the parts, as such, equitably handled *inter se*, the control not to stem from Power outside Africa, but to be sanctioned by its own effectiveness and indispensability, once functionally enthroned. There is occasion for an overall Economic Authority to act as an Intelligence and also as a buffer or liaison between Area Administrations and outside Loaning and other Bodies. Such Authority would build up statistical and technical data and accumulate experience as to each area, and the whole, to serve the region and the outside parties contributing towards its development. There must be a Plan for Africa and an Authority to administer it as a sort of "Centre of Gravity of Government" in Africa.

Fortunately, we have not to start from scratch: for territorial co-ordination south of the Sahara has made great, if little publicized, progress since 1945, Smuts having "sold" the idea to Churchill, privately, in 1943. The progress has been greatest in matters of farming and food supply, handled by CCTA; but there was also the Transport Conference held in Johannesburg in 1951, followed by others, including one in 1960, at which the Union's Minister of Transport, Mr. Ben Schoeman, stressed the great mutual aid that all African states could and should render to one another. There has also always been a tradition in Africa for states to come to the aid of each other in maize famines, and the Congo relieved the power shortage in the Federation for years while Kariba was being launched, without which copper production must have suffered.

In farm questions, experience shows that co-operation pays tremendous dividends. It is often difficult for officials to get new methods adopted in individual countries by demonstration, owing to the play of prejudice and vested interest. It is, however, very much easier for them if they can point to like benefits accruing elsewhere in support of their pleas. Pooled research, and collaboration through conferences and the reading of papers, promote advance in the adoption of new methods pioneered in some particular area. Examples are cultivated pastures and water-control research. They have made more strides in Africa than anywhere of late years and can be of inestimable value to the growth of the food supply.

There is also the question of a far greater degree of local crop-specialization, as research continues along agronomic and ecological lines, and transport and marketing facilities improve.

Another tremendously significant question is that of migrant labour, important not only on the mines, but also on plantations in East Africa, and in the Congo where large numbers migrate from Angola. Much has been said to discredit and condemn the migrant system by sentimentalists who have failed to see its indispensability as a transitional agency, as the African masses begin to develop from pastoral pursuits. There is obviously a need of a vast demographic re-distribution in Africa, according to the

localization of economic resources for exploitation but, *pro tem*, the way towards this can be found only through organized migrant labour. Those who organize and utilize the labour are by no means oblivious to the importance of finding ways of easing the privations of separation and of facilitating the remission of earnings to keep life going in poverty-stricken kraals in areas of under-development (if not of sparsity of natural resources). Migrants tend to be young: service at centres of intensive production can often open minds and decide people as to whether they would prefer to dwell permanently in towns. An outstanding example of migrational organization is afforded by the office of the High Commission Territories at Johannesburg, which acts as a liaison with the Chamber of Mines. Without such migrancy, thousands in Africa would starve.

Along such lines can true progress at this stage be made in Africa. Beside it the ballot box is a rather useless and even a dangerous toy. The African people cannot enjoy human advancement without material development of Africa. This second is, however, apt to depend in large measure on the first in a vicious circle that can be broken only by financial and technical aid from outside and through regional co-operation within.

Johannesburg.

NATAL NEWSLETTER

H. NOEL ROBERTS

THE Referendum was expected to be very close but a Republican majority of 74,000 came as a surprise and a great disappointment to all Anti-Republicans. It must be realized that even so this majority is only 4.1 per cent of the electorate and in no way reflects the broad will of the people. The original South Africa Act laid down a majority of two-thirds for any change of this nature in the Constitution. Both Dr. Malan and Mr. Strydom gave assurances that a Republic would not be brought about unless it had the support of the broad will of the people. In other words a two-thirds majority. Dr. Verwoerd's action is, therefore, contrary to the spirit of the South Africa Act and the promises given by his predecessors. Also, in assessing the position, consideration should be given to the following factors: —

(a) The Nationalist Government took care to exclude all the coloured voters, who number approximately 20,000; it could be assumed that the vast majority would have voted against the Republic.

(b) A large number of voters overseas was excluded from voting. According to the press the estimate was in the vicinity of 30,000. The Afrikaaner, on the whole, is not travel-minded so one can presume that the bulk of these would be against a Republic.

(c) There is a vast English-speaking population that is not eligible to vote because, either they have not been in the country the requisite five years, or they refuse to relinquish their British citizenship whilst living in South Africa.

(d) The inclusion of South-West Africa, a mandated territory, is very much open to question.

All in all it is doubtful whether Verwoerd has any right whatsoever to foist a Republic on South Africa, when in addition the African population was given no opportunity to express any opinion nor did he present the electorate with a draft constitution on which this new Republic would be based. It is amazing how gullible his supporters can be, and it would seem that all appeals based on the value of the Commonwealth association have been of no avail. Surprisingly fruit-growing districts dependent on Commonwealth preferences voted for a Republic. In the mind of the Nationalist Afrikaaner, retribution for the defeat in the Boer War had to be secured at all costs, and uncertainty of the future was preferable to a large measure of stability through the Commonwealth link. There is no doubt that the indoctrination of the masses over the past 12 years has played its part and the call of Afrikaanerdom comes uppermost rather than South Africanism. Racialism is, therefore, stronger than ever.

Since the Referendum there have been pious platitudes on unity between the two white races but, on the other hand, it has been made abundantly clear that unity will be on Dr. Verwoerd's terms only. A vitriolic anti-British outburst by Dr. Albert Hertzog, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, immediately after the Referendum, gave ample proof that there was no change in Nationalist attitudes.

People overseas may wonder what the reaction is amongst Anti-Republicans. In all the Provinces other than Natal there is general acceptance and a spirit of complacent apathy. The dangerous practice of appeasement prevails. The position is similar to that of 1933-1939. The lessons learned during those years, at the cost of suffering, carnage and sacrifice, have been forgotten. The one bright spot on the horizon is the spirit of Natal, a Province predominantly English-speaking, which had a 76 per cent voting majority against a Republic. At a special meeting of the Natal Provincial Council a resolution was passed requesting Dr. Verwoerd's Government to insert the following safeguards in the new Constitution. Natal's main demands are: —

Freedom of worship . . . Parliament should not have power to abridge or interfere with fundamental rights of individuals or groups to worship, and of assembly for worship.

Language equality . . . Parliament must not be allowed to abridge or alter the existing status and privileges of the English and Afrikaans languages.

Parental choice in education . . . Safeguards for parents to choose the language medium for the education of their children.

Guaranteed autonomy and academic freedom of the universities.

A freedom of opinion and of the Press, with a safeguard against abridging the existing rights, privileges and immunities of the Press and people connected with it.

The Provincial Council must have the exclusive right to legislate for all branches of Natal education, including Bantu and technical education.

An entrenching of existing Provincial powers.

Direct control of all people working in the Provincial Administration.

The entrenching of the Council's sole right to legislate for local government affairs.

No disposal of State-owned or Crown lands unless approved by the Provincial Council.

Natal to have its own Police force, with provincial power to recruit, train and employ this force.

Financial powers, including that of being able to raise provincial loans, to allow the Council to administer Natal's needs.

These demands would be taken as a matter of course in a normal democratic country, and they should be reasonable enough in South Africa, particularly since they were envisaged in the Act of Union, drawn up by Boer and Briton in 1910. Dr. Verwoerd has the opportunity to rise in stature and become a statesman by acceding to the wishes of the people and thus creating some degree of unity in this complex country. We shall see very soon whether he is a statesman or another little Hitler.

Having done everything possible to limit immigration during the past 12 years, the Nationalist Government is embarking now on a large-scale immigration campaign. Somewhat surprising when South Africa is looked upon with suspicion throughout the world. It seems a little late in the day, but an interesting side issue is the case of a leading industrialist and his family, who came to this country about 10 years ago. They applied for citizenship in February last. After much delay, citizenship was refused and no reason given. The matter was taken up by a Member of Parliament. There was considerable publicity in the press, whereupon the Government relented. However, through procrastination, this family was successfully deprived of voting in the Referendum. One can draw one's conclusions on the sincerity of Dr. Verwoerd's Government. There must have been hundreds of other cases that never saw the light of day.

It is a common cry for the rabid Nationalist to tell the South African of British stock to return from whence his forbears came. On the other hand, Dr. Verwoerd's Government have, through finance regulations, effectively made it impossible for people with capital to leave the country. It is interesting to note that a Union national, winning a football pool in Great Britain, can be forced to bring the proceeds to the Union.

On the one hand, there can be no place for totalitarianism and extremism as appears to be envisaged by Dr. Verwoerd's Government, whereas, on the other, there must be a far more practical approach amongst the forces of liberalism. Events in the Congo should be proof enough that the African is not yet sufficiently developed to play his part in constitutional government as we know it. Only by living in Africa can one really appreciate its problems.

In Africa we are living in stirring times and the future must be faced with cool heads and brave hearts. We, of British stock, who are upholding the British tradition in Southern Africa do look for, at least, some measure of moral support from our own kith and kin in other parts of the Commonwealth.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES AND THE EXPORT TRADE

HELENA SACHS

COULD foreign languages help in promoting export? Certainly they could. Many reasons are given in explaining why British export is decreasing and various advice how to increase it, but rarely do you hear the lack of knowledge of foreign languages mentioned. Languages open many doors in the world and especially of the World Trade. There is no doubt that the British exporter is handicapped and beaten by his competitors by an insufficient linguistic preparation.

English being now the first world language, the British businessman does not feel he needs to know foreign languages, as with English he can carry on trade in the English-speaking world—the Commonwealth, USA and some parts of Asia. For the other countries he simply expects the people to study and know English, so why should he take the trouble of studying Spanish or Russian?

The part which foreign languages play in the modern economic world begins where export begins—on "the highest level", for today it is the government which creates the possibilities for foreign trade in most cases. Trade agreements between two or more countries with regulations of import and export are drawn up in two or more languages and published in the official gazettes and the press. These treaties and agreements are preceded by negotiations between the delegates who represent the interests of certain industries or trades of their countries and assisted by experts who, besides being fully acquainted with the technical problems, have a thorough knowledge of the languages concerned.

A representative, who is a competent linguist and a member of a British trade delegation, can serve his branch of trade and his country far better than those who cannot take part in a discussion and have to rely on the interpreter.

People who are often present at such international meetings realize that too little importance is given to the fact that it is imperative to have some knowledge of one or more foreign languages in order to establish personal contacts between the members of the various countries at such meetings as the OEEC or the Common Market.

For the industrial exporter who wants to re-conquer the Latin-American market, knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese is an absolute necessity. Although English is studied at schools to a certain extent, it is not yet a second language. As the import and currency regulations are just as complicated as in France or Great Britain, it is impossible to make headway without being able to read and understand them in the original. German commercial travellers or agents *do* know the languages and are fully acquainted with customs regulations.

Also in Oriental countries a good knowledge of one Arabic language is of great advantage, both in official conferences and the usual private meetings which follow.

Also for rapid information the knowledge of languages is a very useful

instrument. When agreements between two countries are concluded they are broadcast and published in the press at once in the respective languages. Naturally there is a lag before the British papers can bring the news, and such delays often cause loss of business. For listening to the wireless and reading papers a passive knowledge of a foreign language is often sufficient, i.e. the faculty to read and understand without being able to speak it, but even this requires a long and careful study. Certainly an active knowledge, that is, to speak freely and fluently a foreign language is an extraordinary advantage for the exporter as well as the representative at private business meetings, where the technique is the same as at the great political meetings, in which it is not enough to listen but also to take part in the discussion.

In another field languages can foster export, that is, commercial correspondence. British firms usually write letters to their customers abroad in English, even in reply to letters written in Italian or Spanish or German. That is a mistake, for it makes a poor impression on the receiver and is often considered impolite.

For the speedy and competent dealing of foreign correspondence, bi-linguist secretaries are required who master the language and can write shorthand and type in the foreign language. In some progressive Secretarial Colleges the training includes these subjects, but in general the study of languages is not compulsory. This is due partly to the lack of demand for foreign correspondents and secretaries. When looking at the advertisements offering posts to secretaries in British papers one seldom sees one requiring the knowledge of one or more foreign languages. In the foreign papers, however, it is just the contrary. In the *Neue Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* or the *Corriere della Sera* you will see that in most of the vacant posts modern languages are required, and these posts are highly paid.

Export trade depends essentially on efficient publicity. Here, too, languages play an important rôle. Brochures, price-lists, catalogue, also broadcasts and television, must be written or spoken in the language of the country where the goods are to be introduced. They should not be a simple copy or translation of the English version, but written and illustrated in the style suited individually to each country. A good guide is the publicity material used locally or that of the competitor. All the material should be collected and compared by the publicity specialist of the firm, and he will, using his own ideas, find the right wording and illustration. This work also needs an intimate knowledge of the language, for it must appeal to the buyers just as his national publicity does.

Where can efficient linguists be trained? Although languages are taught in all secondary schools the results are mostly unsatisfactory. The stress is on the gramatical and literary sides, but little attention is paid to the spoken language and hardly any to the commercial use. Even graduates with an honours degree in modern languages are mostly quite ignorant of commercial and technical expressions and are not able to translate a technical or commercial text. In an industrial and commercial country like Great Britain this is rather astonishing and perhaps deplorable. There

does not even exist a School of Interpreters, only some courses connected with Language Schools. In Germany there exist no fewer than five important Language and Interpreters' Schools, the largest being that of Munich with 1,200 students, and in Italy they are springing up like mushrooms in the larger cities like Milan, Turin, Naples and Genoa. There linguists of the highest standards are trained who find work with leading export firms or international associations. Most important firms in Germany employ such a competent translator or interpreter, who is a member of the staff and acquainted with all technical and commercial problems of the production, for it is not enough to know the language: it is necessary to know all the facts involved.

It would therefore be advisable that the exporters themselves insist on a reform in the teaching of modern languages and in the creation of a High School for Export, where the study of languages would be taught according to the requirements of trade and especially export trade. One cannot expect immediate results, but in a few years a generation of young men and women will arise with a different outlook on export, having an adequate preparation for all the tasks in the modern world of international commercial relations.

A monthly review of some of the more notable cinema and television presentations

THE MONTH IN VISION

DOMINIC LE FOE

There is no more graphic and compelling subject for a dramatic plot than man and men. However inventive the author, however wide the range, at the end of the day the story that is most absorbing and most rewarding invariably concerns itself with humanity.

The lesson is drawn again this month. In a number of interesting presentations, two films that devote themselves to the study of ordinary men under unusual conditions offer the most fascinating and gripping narrative. A brief mention first of *No Love for Johnnie*, Wilfred Fienburgh's case-book history of a man driven by ambition, a man whose own tawdry values affect the course of his own life and of those with whom he associates, a man who can stoop to pick up the counterfeit half-crown, and, while stooping, has the treasury note of true opportunity whistle over his head, borne on the wind not of change but chance.

As a sour look at political backstage cavortings the film is one of great interest; heightened by some extraordinarily good performances, notably Mr. Stanley Holloway as a loyal and kindly backbencher. *No Love for Johnnie* is a cautionary tale for voters.

An entirely different location and character is found in *Take A Giant Step*, a film I commend with all the enthusiasm I can muster. To see it you must plan your visit carefully, for incredible though it may seem, this splendid production is the second string of a programme which features a repellent and revolting piece called Doctor Blood's Coffin, a necrophiliac invention from a company with sufficient standing to know better. But it is worth running the risk of seeing even a few minutes of this decadent rubbish, to ensure a viewing of *Take A Giant Step*.

The central character is a negro adolescent called Spencer- or Spence. By our standards he would be judged to have had "all the advantages". His coloured parents have done well; his father holds down a good job as a bank clerk, his efforts and those of his wife have enabled them to move away from the coloured

quarter in their New England home, and settle in a charming house in a predominantly white neighbourhood. Here they are accepted, but the crux, climax, and indeed beginning of the film is based and builds on the fact that indeed they are accepted, but they do not *belong*. This is demonstrated to Spence, when he gets caught up in an argument with his tutor during a history lesson. She makes some slighting reference to the spirit of the negro slaves, with the implied comment that they were too weak-willed to have ever saved themselves. Suddenly Spence realises that he is the only negro in the class; angrily he reels off the names of his heroes, negro heroes . . . to no real effect.

Nothing is said, but it has still been made clear that he is a freed member of a once captive race. At this Spence explodes; he puts his teacher firmly in the place that he thinks proper, storms out of the room, and takes refuge in the washroom, the traditional haven for distressed schoolboys. Here he is apprehended, lighting one of his father's cigars, and he is expelled. At his home there waits his grandmother, an elderly invalid of indomitable spirit, and no little native wit. She loves Spence in the way that the aged can love the young—and in return he cherishes a real affection for her, cantankerous though she can be. Spence tries to put his side of the story, but receives little support from gran; then a few of Spence's college friends come along, to commiserate. Spence reproaches them for not backing him up in the class-room row; shamefacedly they listen to his accusations. Then he taxes them with dropping him from their circle. After heated words one of his friends miserably confesses that he wasn't wanted because some of their girl friends' mothers disapproved of the gang including a coloured boy—"and that's the lousy truth".

Spence is deeply hurt, and virtually orders the fellows from the house. His grandmother in a vain attempt at consolation berates his parents for having moved into the district—"nothing but Pollacks—I can't abide Poles. Sometimes I think Hitler was right . . . " Instinctively Spence realises that this is not right thinking (as does Gran herself) and finally he wheedles a few dollars out of her—money she gives him willingly—as he prepares to face his parents' return. With his newfound comparative wealth Spence toys with the idea of leaving home—he takes a few belongings in a rucksack, and catches a bus to the coloured district. Here he goes into one of the sleazy bars, orders a strong drink (by lying about his age) and falls into conversation with a coloured girl waiting there in the hope of picking up a man. This short scene is absolutely first-class cinema; the dialogue, the camerawork, the very mood convey exactly Spence's naïve approach and the girl's completely empty world—a world she herself knows to be a sham, but a world wherein she takes refuge from the reality of the poverty which is her real life.

She advises Spence to "go home", and he is about to when he meets up with a hardbitten tart, one of three harpies busily trying to blackmail erstwhile "friends" into resolving their more pressing financial problems. Spence is inveigled to this harpy's home, and in a sequence of superb observation parts with his money, but retains everything else. Carefully borrowing his carfare from the woman, Spence takes his departure. At home his parents are waiting for him in the usual flurry of anxiety.

The expected scene materialises—with Grandma weighing in on Spence's behalf from her bedroom eyrie on the landing.

In the end she can stand the argument no longer, and descends to deliver a stupendous dressing-down to Spence's parents, for removing him from his milieu.

In the course of the row, Spence is initiated into the nuances of negro social relationships. "You will learn to do your job better than the next white man", says his father. "You will learn to laugh with them, to smile at them when you feel like putting a knife in their backs", says his mother. All this Spence resists—he demands to lead his own life as an individual. The family pulls together again,

when suddenly grandma is taken ill—and dies. This final emotional shock is too much for Spence; his one ally who truly understood has gone—leaving only a void, a void that mere maternal love and paternal affection cannot bridge.

It is left to the coloured daily help to span this gap, a gap which in fact has become one of maturity. She is a very young and attractive widow who has known more than her fair share of sorrow. She senses in Spence the same longing and lack of fulfilment that she knows herself. In a scene of real tenderness and taste, we are left to conjecture that she has taken Spence very gently through the door of manhood. The rest of the film winds up the story in a conventional way, but we know that Spence has come to terms, that he will be ready to face the challenges and opportunities that come his way, that he has faced his problems and in the facing seen it shrink. Of course, the problem may not have shrunk at all, merely seemed to do so, because Spence has grown in stature.

For the performers in this eminently worthwhile film I have unrestrained praise. Johnny Nash achieves the difficult role of Spence with resource, and is plainly an actor of tremendous promise. Estelle Hemsley offers a superb realisation of Grandma, scarcely ever overplaying, always retaining our sympathy, attracting our respect and affection by honest means. A performance of depth and dignity. Frederick O'Neal, too, is outstanding as Spence's worthy father. His scenes of social chit-chat with the white boys are almost painful in their wondrous suggestion of congenital unease. Ruby Dee as the daily help is quite outstanding. It is to be hoped that an actress of this perceptive ability will soon be given another role in which to display her undoubted talent. *Take A Giant Step* is a credit to all who played a part in its creation. Do please see it.

I could write at similar length about *The Long And the Short and the Tall*, the screen version of Willis Hall's masterly plea for peace—from the point of view of ordinary men, whatever their uniform. This study in irony loses little in its translation to the screen, although some of the dialogue does sound a little stagey. Apart from that, some sterling performances make it a film worthy of considerable respect, not least the work of Laurence Harvey as Bamforth, the constant rebel revealed as the only humanitarian in the troop. I have not seen a more powerful plea for peace and tolerance for a long time, and I say in all seriousness that this film must be bracketed with other outstanding propaganda productions, including *All Quiet on the Western Front*. A disturbing, unhappy film, with a message that is shrill in its implicit plea.

TV goes sedately about its business, the national bromides working on their appointed nights. Universal jubilation because Mr. Danny Blanchflower declined to appear on that emotional X-ray *This is Your Life*. One wonders whether he feared a question that asked him directly what he really ate for breakfast. However, the herd loves a rebel, and although we missed the moment we savour the effect. On another plane Mr. Jo Grimond and Mr. John Connell played Mock Trials about Corporal Punishment, which was limited (on this gala occasion) to the cane; all the "supporters" kept talking about the birch and the cat; opponents did much the same. Mr. Grimond did his best to box with the portly shadow of Mr. Connell, but really it was hard to find much of moment in the proceedings, except a strong hint that to be a good Bishop does not automatically ensure that you are a good Chairman too. The programme received the usual Class I Granada portentous build-up; it was still rather ragged and scrappy. It must be said that it made a more than welcome change from *The Army Game*. This series must hold the record for continual descent. There are few shows which can find a new, deeper low at every showing. Clive Dunn, a comedian of near-genius, is utterly wasted on this production, but he might get something better out of it—he deserves to. For the audience there are no other compensations.

OLD AGE

Why need we be unhappy, we who pass
Out of the realm of action into thought,
We who can now no longer do but dream,
Who watch the world a visionary pool,
All things reflected ? Shadows, vacancy,
These are around us, peopling all the hours —
But these can curse or bless us as we will.
If most is taken, much is given: no more
The dawn's enchantment and the shimmering sea
Stretching beyond the known into the vast,
The unexpected and the wonderful
That we call Hope: but yet the road that climbs
Abruptly now before our faltering tread
Is straight and paved; we have but to stride on
With eyes uplifted to the mist-clad heights,
The secret haven of our hermitage,
And in the valley once more we can see
The sunshaft's glamour and the unchequered light,
The wide effulgence of the heavenly plan.
Our task is to mount up on wings of mind,
Discarding all the old, the used, the drear
That seek to clog and wound us: we can be
As monarchs resting sanely on the thrones
Of our achievement, be it great or small,
Or we can be the subjects of old fear
Obeying misdirection, lost regrets.
Now we can range past envy, overgrown,
A rank excrescence needing no more thought,
Into acceptance, resignation, peace,
A valiance that overtops desire.
All must be cast for resolution's gauge.
Which shall we do? Sit back and mourn the past,
Bewail the present, or impose our will
Upon the fleetingness of every hour ?
All is our own to challenge and endure
Or yield ourselves in querulous complaint
Against the unalterable destiny of Man.
Take up, take up Life's burden! We were made
In God's own image and He knows us through
From infancy to manhood and beyond:
He stands beside us in our feebleness
And we must make our answer to His will.
And there are comforts: all the future rings
With untried spirits seeking in their turn
The zest of things, tumultuous eddying streams
Pouring their strength, their fresh activities
To the uncharted sea: and we can watch.
Once we, like them, were active; now we know
Both what we tried, and what we failed, to do.
So will it be with them: we watch and pray,
Gathering fragrance from them as they pass,
Laughing, light-hearted, to their world of chores:
May it be well with them when we are gone.
Meanwhile they come about us as we dream,
Seated alone: but can we be alone
When in their youth and swiftness we can see
Ourselves renewed, the ceaseless fount of Life ?
We are not left, but lifted on our friends
In vanished fields and labours long passed by:

The world is peopled still, and glorious
With never-emptying crucibles of flame;
And over all a great beneficence,
If we have truly loved and found in Love
Life's purpose and Life's spur that still pervades
All things remaining that we think and do.
If that has gone ahead to wait awhile,
Then it must be reunion day draws near.
If such lives on as ever-glowing truth,
Our hearts must rise to it lest we be found
Unworthy servants of Death's magnitude
And make ashamed the minds of those we loved.
Aye, and still love and always till we stand
Once more together, all our journeyings done.
"Reunion day"—that has an orchestral sound
With choirs of angels chanting through the spheres
When Life is lightened with sonorous strength
And all the bells of Heaven are attuned.
That at the least is joy and so must be
A glow of inspiration and resolve.
    There ought to be a gladness in old age,
A sense of triumph as of things assured,
Of struggles past and even of victories won
To set against the failures. We can hold
A quiet balance as we could not do
Whilst we were mounted on Youth's pedestal,
Aflame with all adventure's ecstasy
And tremulous with wonder and the thrills
That flood the spirit at the dawn's first kiss.
That is engulfed, but steadfast should remain.
Calm recollection, moonlight's silvered glow.
Passion is fled, its glory and its grief:
The brilliant colours fade and sombre hues
Take up their empire governing all our world,
But Truth and Beauty do not die at dusk.
They are immortal and the stars are fixed
Unchangingly within the upheld sky.
    Old age should have its own serenity
Not as the bubbling turbulence of Youth
But deeper, stronger, bearing thought along
Past rocks and shallows, past the danger-zones
Into the wideness where the earth meets heaven
Within the silence of the azure sea.
It is not easy: let no one suppose
It is a drifting painlessly to peace;
Too many voices from the shadows call,
Too many visions float across the brain,
Too many aches torment us as we move,
Too many weaknesses of every kind
Crowd in to bludgeon or to tantalize,
But when was ever worth-while victory won
Without a conflict ? And this is the last,
The greatest, leading to eternal life.
    We are at anchor now: the raucous seas
Are baulked of their long violences, their calls
Have no more claims upon us: we can rise,
If we be minded patiently to climb,
Beyond the hourly fretting and decay,
Into the heart-held fastnesses of God.

GORELL

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE AMERICAN CORPORATION

The Corporation in Modern Society. Edited and with an Introduction by Edward S. Mason. Harvard University Press and Oxford University Press. 54s.

This book is a collection of essays by fourteen distinguished American scholars and is described in a Foreword by Professor Berle as "the best single collection of analysed data that has yet appeared concerning the American corporate system." It can also be described as a re-examination of the thesis put forward thirty years ago by Professor Berle himself and Dr. Gardiner C. Means in the book, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, the classic analysis of the development of the corporation in America.

The central theme of this book was that effective control of large corporations is exercised by management and that the shareholders are, in general, passive recipients of dividends. In his introduction to *The Corporation in Modern Society*, Professor Mason says that almost everyone now agrees with the Berle & Means thesis, but the various contributors to the book are by no means agreed about what, if anything, should be done about large corporations in which management is, in practice, responsible only to itself. The book reaches no conclusions.

Nevertheless, the essays are most interesting and stimulating. Some of the contributors, such as Professors Chayes, Kaysen, Latham, Long and Mason, seem to favour institutional changes which would make the law recognise that management has responsibilities to workers, consumers and the community as well as to shareholders. Professor Chayes commends the idea of company membership being extended to workers, pointing out, that under Massachusetts law they are already entitled to elect some directors. He is caustic about "shareholder democracy"; while Professor Mason recalls Keynes' suggestion that the dissociation of ownership from management leads to "a tendency for big enterprise to socialise itself."

On the other hand other contributors, such as Professor E. V. Rostow who is specifically concerned with the responsibility of corporate management, appear to be quite content with the corporation as it is. Professor Rostow calls the large company in which no shareholder owns more than a few per cent of the shares an "endocratic corporation." He dislikes the view, put forward by Mr. Scott Buchanan, Supreme Court Judge Douglas and others, that management should be responsible to other people as well as stockholders. He criticises such views both because they would "invite public restrictions on the present freedom of corporate management" and on the contradictory ground that they would "deny the possibility of public oversight for endocracies."

Professor Lintner, who deals with finance, is also content with the corporation as it is. He points out that Berle and Means were wrong thirty years ago in predicting that the largest corporations would come to control a larger proportion of industrial assets and raise a larger proportion of their capital from internal sources. But Professor Berle insists that the character of the corporation has nevertheless changed and is changing in the way foreseen by Jacques Maritain. He talks about directors being "trustees for the community" and about "an eventual non-statist socialisation of profits" replacing the "simpler art of exploiting human need for private profit."

One chapter is contributed by Mr. Anthony Crosland who notes the similarities between the public and private corporation in Britain; and another by Mr. Gershen-

kron who draws attention to the increasing autonomy of industrial enterprise in the Soviet Union. The argument between East and West is supposed to be about industrial ownership; yet the state socialist idea of universal state ownership is as much a myth as the Jeffersonian idea of widely distributed property based on small factories and workshops. Professor Mason points out at the beginning of the book that something very much like the "endocratic corporation" is inevitable in an industrial society. Industrial organisation is changing and developing in the USSR as in the USA; and while the differences between the American corporation and its Soviet counterpart are important they are not worth a nuclear war.

As Professor Berle puts it, "if the United States has developed managerial power on the margin of the law, the Soviet Union has developed a degree at least of managerial freedom, also on the margin of its law." The nature and function of the corporation is surely one of the "new frontiers" to which President Kennedy needs to direct his attention if the antagonisms which have dominated the world since the war are to be subdued. This book is a first-class survey of the real nature of the western industrial system which is defended in the name of freedom.

PAUL DERRICK

MOMENT OF NO RETURN

Men of Destiny. Stephen King-Hall. K-H Services (1960). 18s.

Our pre-occupation with parish-pump politics, like many of our national institutions, has frequently been subjected to delicious, and occasionally vicious, satire. Until recently, however, no-one thought of satirising the much vaster, more potently tragic, yet comic theme—the cold war, and the "men of destiny", desperate to prevent any crisis likely to degenerate into a hot war, but equally determined to avoid loss of prestige.

The satirist who can do justice to such a theme must understand the working of "The Establishment" on both sides of the iron curtain, the minds of top politicians and military brass, and the scheming, lying and betraying of underlings in quest of power; in short, the huge web of intrigue, and the motives of the actors, at every level in the drama of world power politics.

Sir Stephen King-Hall knows his *Weltpolitick* and he is a proven master of farce. In *Men of Destiny* he creates exactly the sort of crisis situation—a threat from the German "Democratic" Republic to occupy West Berlin—which could precipitate a third world war. In the course of it, he deploys his combined talents of satire and shrewd insight to portray the frantic efforts of "great" minds at work, and at the same time to issue a terrible warning.

The threat is a piece of pure machination by a power-crazy East-German Minister of the Interior in a successful bid to overthrow his colleagues in the government and grab the highest office. It is also meant to impress the Big Boss in Moscow and the conniving Politbureau member in charge of relations with foreign communist parties.

Utterly foxed by the unexpected receipt of the 24-hour warning notice, the allied generals in Berlin immediately wire it to their respective political bosses for guidance and instructions. The unflappable British Prime Minister reflects that at least there is time for a bath and shave before considering the matter. The French President, when he is finally confronted with such a trivial matter, requests a picture of reaction from London and Washington so that he can decide on a distinctive French point of view which expresses the grandeur of his beloved land. Crisis or no crisis, the US President still retires for the night with the *Reader's Digest*, to keep up with current problems.

What happened, and how disaster was avoided, makes an exciting, gripping narrative, at once enormously entertaining and profoundly disturbing.

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CONGO ANALYSIS

Congo Disaster. Colin Legum. Penguin Special. Penguin Books. 2s. 6d.

The Congo disaster has set the world back many years. The machinations of the Belgians have made suspect the good intentions of other colonial powers preparing their dependencies for self-government; the confidence of the Powers in the United Nations has not survived the test of self-interest; the internal rivalries of African politics have been hardened. The United Nations which went in to help has collected most of the blame for a tragedy which was inevitable long before they arrived on the scene.

Colin Legum has documented the disaster thoroughly. He finds even some hope in the continued presence of the UN: "It remains the one firm, encouraging factor in the Congo situation."

In his book, that appears as an optimistic after-thought. Few people, on the evidence he presents, would be so encouraged by the inadequacy and indecision of the United Nations. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Legum has not distinguished more clearly between the field of technical assistance in which the record of UN has been almost impeccable and the political and military role in which they were too late and too weak.

It was fortunate that UN technical experts were on the spot as soon as they were. The human disaster might otherwise have been as great as the political disaster. It has been terrible enough. Much might have been achieved politically as well as technically if UN had been taking part in the Congo much earlier.

Mr. Legum's account of the events leading up to independence should convince any-one that stable government was unlikely to last many days. Nor did it. The UN was called in to do a rescue operation when it might have been already engaged in more constructive work.

The value of this book may be more than to record a disaster. It may encourage statesmen to write off "UN Intervention" and substitute "UN Responsibility". In the Congo that was what UN lacked.

MICHAEL STEVENSON

THE ADMINISTRATION OF BRITISH TERRITORIES

Transfer of Power. Sir Charles Jeffries. Pall Mall Press. 17s. 6d.

It has been held that round about the sixth century B.C., mankind in certain representative peoples spiritually "came of age"; for Confucius, the Buddha, Jeremiah, Zoroaster and the anonymous prophets whose teaching flowered in Plato were roughly contemporaneous with each other. It might seem that in the present generations mankind is "coming of age" in a material sense. Technocracy, not least in its conquest of tropical diseases, is making possible, for the whole world, conditions of life rich and easy beyond the widest imagination of earlier ages.

The backward and underprivileged peoples of the earth are claiming and demanding their share in the blessings made possible by the scientific age. This may be seen as the root cause of the nationalisms which bedevil the international scene today. Whereas the nationalisms of the nineteenth century represented the demand of oppressed peoples who were conscious of being nations for freedom to express their nationality in appropriate political forms, the nationalisms of today represent the demand of inexperienced peoples to be given the conditions under which they can grow into true nationhood.

The day of colonialism, whether it has taken the form of exploitation or of paternalism, is drawing to a close; but shall it be ended by "cowardly abdication" or by "inspired statesmanship", and where shall statesmen find their inspiration ?

This book is concerned with facts, not with political theories. Sir Charles Jeffries has now retired after a long and distinguished career in the service of the Colonial Office. He describes how, in fact, British territories have been administered and what has been the administrative "set-up", as we call it now. He does not discuss the immediate issues that arise in Africa and other parts of the world today. He is content to give us the historical background and perspective without a grasp of which all our eager and anxious discussions are amateurish and unhelpful. He has admirably fulfilled his purpose.

NATHANIEL MICKLEM

LIBERALS, AWAKE?

Political Man. S. M. Lipset. Heinemann. 30s.

The present volume by Professor Lipset, of the University of California, is beyond question one of the most important to appear in the field of sociology and political science (the two subjects are here indistinguishable) in this decade. It is comparable to Galbraith's work in economics. Having said this, without qualification, I propose—perhaps a little unfairly—to concentrate upon what I regard as the two weakest points in Professor Lipset's magnificent production. I do this, not in any way to detract from it, but because it just so happens that these are the issues of most interest at least to Liberal readers of this journal, and also to all professionally interested in Liberal politics.

The first point is that Professor Lipset maintains that the sociological basis of Liberalism is the same as that of Fascism . . . This may seem to be fantastic; but the statement is carefully, statistically documented in country after country. The research department of the Liberal International will have to get busy. The explanation of this paradox would seem to be that (*a*) Professor Lipset understands by "Liberal" something like the Free Democratic Party of Germany, and even here stresses rather the "small business man", non-clericalist voting membership than the actual financiers and big merchant banking controls. Incidentally, he denies that "big business" at all widely supported Hitler. (*b*) Dr. Lipset maintains —and I would question the usage—that each section of the political spectrum has an extremist portion. This changes the classical argument of Michels, and alleges that "Centrism" has its own extremist party, whereas Conservatives find their extremism in strong traditionalism or "restorationism". I remain unconvinced. It would have to be shown that a Poujardiste was a typical Liberal, gone angry. That some anti-clericalism can find emotional compensation in fascism, I might agree. De Gaulle Lipset regards as an authentic conservative.

The second comment is perhaps more important. Like the Master of Trinity Hall, in his recent book, *Party Politics*, Dr. Lipset tends to find the fundamental basis of political differences in class conflict. It is a thesis too simple in its explanations. Those sociologists seem to me more right who allege that, once we start to analyze and define precisely, the concept of "class" begins to become vague and to dissolve. Dr. Lipset himself, in innumerable passages, hedges his own bets. He admits the role of intellectual leadership—Marx himself by strict Marxist theory was a kind of oddity or freemartin, a pure bourgeois. Lipset admits the roles of national passion and of status attachment. What it all boils down to is that, amid the pressures of interest within a community, economic advantages—"bread and butter", with jam—rank pretty high. A more general theory (my own) would be that men are concerned with power over means or with avoiding exposing their freedom, whether as individuals or groups, to being under the

power of others. In this quest to assure power or to assure against it, economic means are also means, and pretty important ones too—although, such are the roles of government and of arms, possibly not the final ones. At least Machiavelli thought they were not, and he could be right.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

THE PROTECTOR'S PROTECTOR

Cromwell's Master Spy, a Study of John Thurloe. D. L. Hobman. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

This is the first biography to be published concerning John Thurloe, Oliver Cromwell's Secretary of State, based almost entirely on the seven volumes of Thurloe's State Papers, which are the chief authority for the History of the Protectorate. Thurloe's name will be familiar to the scholar and student of history, but little is really known about him.

What kind of portrait emerges from Mrs. Hobman's book? Thurloe is hardly a sympathetic character. His best quality was, perhaps, his absolute devotion to Cromwell. He was born in 1616, the son of a clergyman, and was consequently sixteen years younger than his master. Their characters were rather different. Cromwell was passionate, dynamic, possessed a coarse humour and a deep sense of religion, while Thurloe was a born Civil Servant, methodical and industrious. No dictator ever had a better servant than this ambitious, resourceful and, perhaps, ruthless man, who at home detected plots against the Commonwealth and indeed on several occasions frustrated attacks on Cromwell's life. He showed conspicuous ability, too, as head of a vast intelligence Service, acquiring for Cromwell invaluable information as to the movements of Charles Stuart and his exiled followers abroad and many other matters.

Mrs. Hobman's book is evidently the fruit of much careful research and contains some lively accounts concerning the vast network of Thurloe's espionage service. Her style is quiet and restrained. One cannot claim that the incidents described are particularly gripping, and vivid touches of character are almost entirely lacking. Yet the author shows with lucidity how much Cromwell owed to Thurloe for the success of his foreign policy.

On page 45 the author must intend to refer to Princess Henrietta (she married the Duke of Orleans later in 1661), youngest daughter of Queen Henrietta Maria. She mentions that the Queen "had brought up her youngest daughter, Elizabeth, in the same faith", (as a Roman Catholic), but Princess Elizabeth died at Carisbrooke Castle in 1650 and was in fact Henrietta Maria's second daughter.

Thurloe was always loyal to Oliver Cromwell and his son Richard. He survived Oliver for nine years, dying in 1667. According to Mrs. Hobman, the reason why his life was spared by the Government of King Charles II may or may not have been owing to his unique knowledge of Cromwell's foreign policy. Certainly he possessed many secrets about the real motives of some of his political opponents, which, if revealed, might have been embarrassing to them.

BRYAN BEVAN

NOTICES

PERSPECTIVES ON PEACE, 1910-1960 (*Stevens & Sons.* 21*s.*). To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding, the Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace have published a remarkable collection of essays by outstanding statesmen and publicists in the field of peace and international collaboration and development. The general theme of the symposium is devoted to "the requirements for a durable peace in the years ahead." The doyens of this series of articles are Professor James T. Shotwell and Sir Norman Angell, who both write with the benefit of their experiences and studies over half a century. In discussing "the Experiment of Collective Security", M. Spaak wants the veto replaced by the principle of the weighted vote. He regards regional collective security as "currently a dynamic idea." NATO "must not be military only. It must be political and above all, economic" and prepared to assist the undeveloped countries. M. Monnet, writing on "Economic Integration", argues that the European Common Market "has created the climate and provided the impetus for a great widening of Atlantic co-operation." He is sure that "the day will come when co-operation between Europe and America must be cemented by common institutions." Mr. Dag Hammerskjold speaks, in general, optimistically of the United Nations as a developing organisation, but in need of new forms of integration. He is silent on the veto. Other contributors include Sir Harold Nicolson, Snr. Salvador de Madariaga, Mr. Lester Pearson, President Lleras Camargo, General Ismet Inönü, the late Judge Max Huber, and M. Henri Bonnet.

SHAKESPEARE: THE EARLY COMEDIES (Published for the British Council and the National Book League. *Longmans.* 2*s.* 6*d.*). This is the first of a group of booklets to be published on Shakespeare in the British Council's *Writers and their Work* series. The object is to provide a simple analysis and evaluation of Shakespeare's works for the reader who is not an expert and knows very little about Shakespeare or literary criticism in general. The booklets are introductory surveys, with full bibliographies for further study. Although intended mainly for overseas readers, they should find a ready response among many people in this country. In the first essay now published, Mr. Derek Travesi discusses the early comedies, namely, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour Lost*. He approaches them both on their own intrinsic merits and also as part of Shakespeare's development. "Born out of artifice and experiment, there begins to evolve a more coherent and varied structure."

INTRODUCTION TO FINLAND, 1960. This is the first of a series of volumes prepared under the auspices of the Finnish Ministry of Foreign Affairs and "designed to introduce foreign readers to life and thought in Finland to-day." The present volume, edited by the late Mr. Urho Toivola just before his recent death, and lavishly illustrated, includes twenty articles by expert writers under three general headings, Politics, Economy and Education, Arts and Sports. In the first section, there are articles on Finland's historic struggle for independence, her parliamentary system and a contribution on Finnish neutrality by Mr. G. A. Gripenberg, former Ambassador to the United Nations. Of the twenty-year Pact of Friendship with the Soviet Union, he quotes the Russian view that it "is rather a pact to guarantee neutrality than a treaty for mutual assistance." Professor Nils Meinander, discussing economic conditions, points to "60% of all exports going to the West", with an increasing proportion of metal goods.

This is certainly a useful and informative volume.

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